JOHN BULL, JUNE 21, 1924. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXV. No. 942. SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1924. TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET PAID SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

SEND MARS to HADES!

by Lieut.-Com. the Hon. J. M. KENWORTHY M.P.

RELY FOR RELIEF

upon a thoroughly reliable remedy — a remedy with a reputation! The reliability of Beecham's Pills explains their solid reputation. They fulfil expectations. This they have done for thousands of people ever since they first came into use. You can therefore depend

UPON

Beecham's Pills for giving relief in most cases of Stomach and Liver trouble. Such symptoms as acidity, biliousness, constipation, headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, unpleasant taste in the mouth and general lack of tone call for the immediate use of that reliable family remedy—

Beecham's Pills

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN BOXES LABELLED 1s. 3d. and 3s. 0d.

GRAVES
STYLISH COSTUMES.

Every lady should write at once for the Graves Magnificent Display of Costumes.

All Garments warranted of best make throughout. From 5/- monthly. The finest qualities, the most becoming fashions.

Costumes delivered on approved orders on receipt of first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied. Money back if in any way disappointed.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS
A post card will bring you a complete Range of styles & patterns per return

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

I'M LUCKY!

JU-JU —the great little Nigerian Mascot Charm—is the luck-bringer for all sportsmen and athletes. Thousands sold and hundreds of letters like these:—

"*I struck four* 10 to 1 *winners in a few days.*" H. M., Newmarket.
"*I received two cheques for profits on stocks.*" J. B. T., Virginia.
"*Within a week I won a £20 prize.*" A. W., Bradford.
"*I cannot understand how my luck changed directly.*" F. S., Huddersfield.
"*My luck changed very quickly.*" L., Melton Mowbray.

Don't bemoan your bad luck Send for "Ju-Ju" to-day!
Money refunded if not approved.
Sterling Silver, 5s. } Post
9ct. Gold, £1 } free.
JU-JU SOCIETY (Dept. J.B.), Imperial Buildings, Wadgate Road, Bognor-on-Sea.

THE CHARM OF BEING WELL DRESSED IS NOW WITHIN YOUR REACH. Here we offer you on easy terms the pick of this season's designs our "Melba" Costume, for

8/- Monthly

56/9 Cash
63/- Credit

the most fashionable, up-to-date and as smart a garment as any lady could wish to wear. Tailor made in good quality Gaberdine, guaranteed good workmanship. Beautiful silk stitching round basque and sleeves, long roll collar, fancy buckle, Paisley lining.

QUALITY IS GUARANTEED, price only 63/- on easy terms, 8/- monthly. It is a high-class West End style. Send 8/- deposit now and promise 8/- monthly. It's the only safe way to buy. If not satisfied your deposit is refunded. Send 8/- to-day and say which colour we shall send you: Navy, Nigger, Mole, or Black, as if you have the Costume to wear while paying for it.

Supplied in all Ladies' sizes or made to measure, also in Maid's sizes 50/6 or 7/6 monthly.

Costumes, 35/- to 85/- Price List Post Free.

MASTERS Ltd.,
33, HOPE STORES, RYE. Estd. 1869.

GRAVES
SMART LOUNGE SUITS.

Our self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply stylish well-fitting garments.

From 7/6 monthly

WE DELIVER the Graves 50/- suit to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in monthly payments, if satisfied. Money refunded in full if at all disappointed.

PATTERNS POST FREE. Send a post card for patterns cut from the actual cloth lengths from which the suits are made. Prices from 50/-

Finest Value in the World.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

"JOHN BULL'S" FREE INSURANCE GIFT

Deluged England!

Many readers' homes damaged by Floods—Storms—Lightning

THE ONLY PAPER THAT PAYS BENEFITS

A few names of those to whom benefits have been paid.

STOURBRIDGE.

S. BEASLEY, 47, Hayes Lane, Lye.

Mrs. J. BOSWELL, 2, Canal Wharf.

MALVERN.

G. EATON, 5, Hill View Cotts., Pound Bank Road.

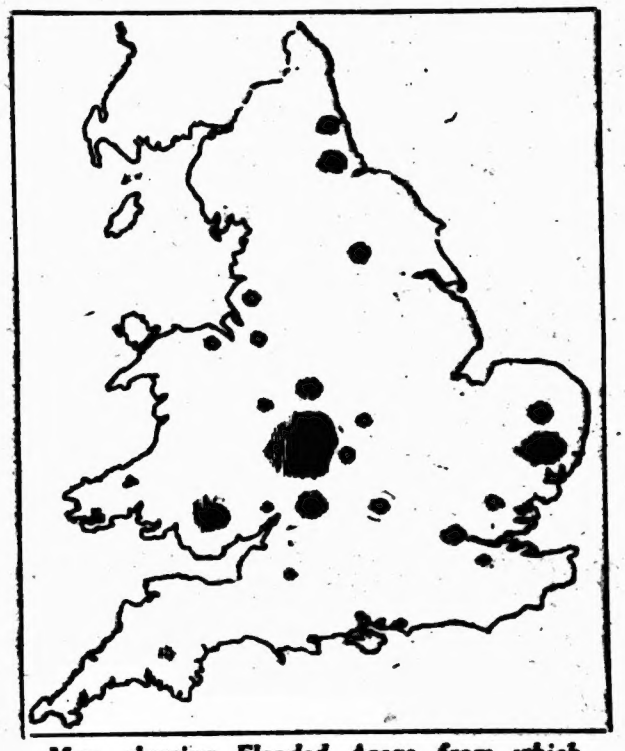
Mrs. M. ROGERSON, 12, Court Road, Gt. Malvern.

WORCESTER.

H. ATKINSON, 3, Diglis Ave.
A. W. BAKER, 2, Diglis Ave.
A. COOK, 74, Dolday.
Mrs. W. PUSH, 1, Hse. 5 Ct., Hylton Road.
Mrs. E. SMITH, 97, Hylton Road.
A. MATTHEWS, 5, Court No. 6, Hylton Road.
S. ROSWORTH, 53, Hylton Road.
N. JACKSON, 63, Hylton Road.
GEO. SMALL, 55, Hylton Road.
Mrs. J. OLIVER, 33, Hylton Road.
W. HARRISON, 18, Hylton Road.
Mrs. BRACE, 5, Chequers Lane, Hylton Road.

DROITWICH.

Mrs. A. KNIGHT, 24, Crossway Vines.
Mrs. E. SPARKES, 26, Crossway Vines.



Map showing Flooded Areas from which Applications for Benefits have been received.

Worcester, 46; Suffolk, 32; South Wales, 25; Glamorgan, 25; Durham, 19; Stafford, 13; Northumberland, 12; Norfolk, 12; Yorks, 10; Middlesex, 7; Lancashire, 5; Essex, 5; Warwick, 4; Oxford, 4; Cheshire, 4; Shropshire, 3; Devon, 2. Total, 243.

CRADLEY HEATH.

P. BOXLEY, 74, New Street.
P. WILLIAMS, 12, Necchor Road, Colley Gate.
H. BULLS, 35, New Street.
Major BOXLEY, 37, New Street.
J. WESTWOOD, 33, New Street.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Mrs. DAVIS, Grape Terr.
Mrs. B. S. HOWELLS, 61, Tenne Street.
Mrs. CREESE, Grape Terr., Tenne Street.

TENBY.

Mrs. M. CARTER, 13, Moor Street.
Mrs. E. WATHEN, 26, Moor Street.
Mrs. M. A. BEARD, 32, Moor Street.
Mrs. B. BROADY, 42, Moor Street.
Mrs. A. JEFFERIES, 24, Moor Street.
Mrs. A. CAINE, 14, Moor Street.

GLOUCESTER.

G. C. BULLOCK, 51, St. Michael's Square.

CHELTENHAM.

Mr. V. REID, Verdun Cottage, Commercial Street.

SOUTH WALES (TREHAFOD).

Mrs. S. WYMAN, 9, Woodfield Terr.

MOUNTAIN ASH.

Mrs. J. CRONIN, 59, Victoria Street, Miskin.

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....

Address.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

J.B. 21/6/24.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

Date .....

J.B. 21/6/24.

PRESENTATION COUPON.

'John Bull" Pen Dept., Long Acre, W.C.2. Please send me the "John Bull" Pen, the FREE Gift of 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil packed in the Golden Presentation Box. If I keep same I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (which includes pocket clip and postage), otherwise I will return in new condition within three days from receipt,

Name .....

Address .....

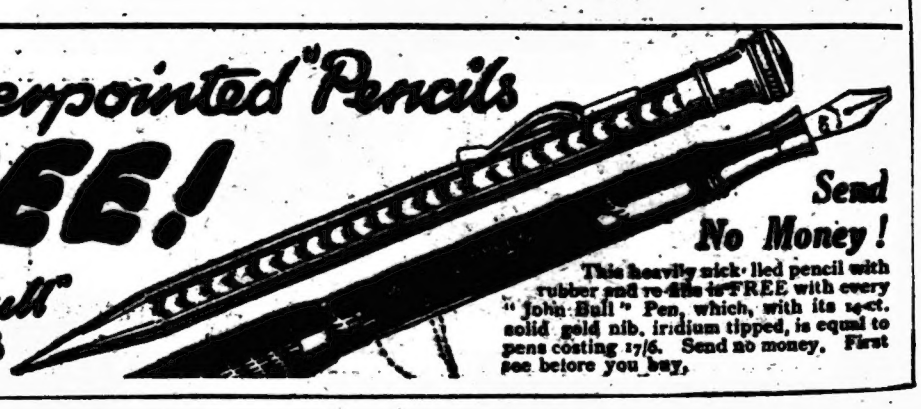
.....

State if broad—medium—fine nib (cross out those not required).

J.B. 21.6.24

Send this Presentation Coupon TO-DAY!

2/6 "Everpointed" Pencils FREE! to "John Bull" Readers



Send No Money!

This heavily nickelled pencil with rubber end to-day is FREE with every "John Bull" Pen, which, with its 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped, is equal to pens costing 17/6. Send no money. First see before you buy.

A Valet AutoStrop razor set complete for 2/6

SPEND half-a-crown to-day on a "VALET" Razor. To-morrow and the next day and for forty or fifty days more you will get a perfectly smooth, comfortable and rapid shave with the blade that is in the new razor. Every "Valet" blade gives several weeks' perfect shaving. How? By automatic stropping.

Every morning you slip the strop through the actual razor-head. Then you run the razor up and down for ten seconds—the blade automatically turns over and over and gives itself a fine new edge. Then you shave.

To clean the razor is equally simple. A rinse under the tap, another run up and down the strop, and the razor goes back in its case. No unscrewing, no fiddling with naked blades. Try the "VALET" Razor to-day.

THIS IS THE NEW HALF-CROWN SET

Containing the Essentials for a Perfect "VALET" Shave—the Razor, one Blade and Strop in Neat Case. If your Dealer does not stock it, the manufacturers will send it Post Free on receipt of a postal order for 2/6.

BRITISH MADE OF ALL DEALERS

"VALET" Auto Strop Safety Razor

The AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., LTD.,
197-207, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

Wood-Milne RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS.

Neat, durable and resilient. A real protection from damp underfoot.

See the name WOOD MILNE on every pair.

Stocked by all Bootmen.

Berkeleys cannot be obtained elsewhere

TRY THIS FAMOUS EASY CHAIR IN YOUR HOME AT OUR EXPENSE.

This is a test which never fails. Once you have installed the famous Berkeley in your home you are assured of the utmost comfort, ease and contentment. It will give you a lifetime's service, and will retain its splendid qualities through years of constant wear. The finest furniture investment ever offered.

The Berkeley Regd.

has the Largest Sale of any Easy Chair in the World.

Exceptionally strong frame. Bold, broad, heavily upholstered arms with an extra deep seat and double bordered front, long steel-coppered springs in the back, seat, and front edge. The seat also has an independent front edge, which adds greatly to the life of the chair.

CASH PRICE **85/-** or 15/- with order and 5 payments of 15/- monthly

PATTERNS Free

Write for samples of Tapestries to choose your own covering. *Post Free*, with full specification.

SOLD ON THE MONEY-BACK PRINCIPLE.—Soon after receipt of first payment with your order we send the Berkeley (*carriage Paid* in England and Wales (Scotland 5/- extra). If upon examination it is not completely satisfactory you may return it within 7 days AT OUR EXPENSE and we will REFUND YOUR MONEY IN FULL.

H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD., *Manufacturing Upholsterers* (Dept. JB) 70-78, Old Kent Road, LONDON, S.E.1

West End Showrooms: 133, Victoria St., Westminster S.W. 1, and at The Arcade, High Street, Croydon.

THE PANSHINE PAIR : : : By CHARLES HARRISON

DON'T YOU THINK WE MIGHT COMPETE FOR THE DUN MOW FLITCH
I THINK WE MIGHT
AH! I FORGET WE'RE MORE THAN A HAPPY COUPLE
WE'RE A HAPPY TRIO
PANS

Pn. 153-69

Drawn for Hodgson & Simpson Ltd., Liverpool and London

a man's Spring Outfit for 22/6

(Carriage Paid)

Remarkable Seasonal Offer by CURZON'S

A MAN'S SPORTS JACKET and a pair of **FLANNEL TROUSERS** Complete for **22/6** (Carriage Paid).

or separately the Jacket 13/9; the Trousers 10/- (Carriage Paid).

This fine SPORTS COAT is made from All-Wool Irish and Yorkshire Tweeds. A jacket which has proved itself so useful and economical that no man should be without one. It is a sensible sort of garment, too. Suitable for indoor or outdoor wear, for games, sports, and dressy for every occasion. Never out of place. Made in Greys, Fawns, and Drab shades, and is more than wonderful value at the price .. .. .. **13/9** Carriage paid.

When ordering state your height and chest measure (taken over waistcoat).

These FLANNEL TROUSERS are made of real good quality Flannel, in a nice medium plain grey shade. We guarantee that these trousers are not only smart, but will wear well, and are fully equal to those sold at a guinea by the ordinary outfitter. They are cut and tailored in our own factory, and we sell them practically at cost in order to advertise our general suit and outfitting business.

Price **10/-** per pair (carriage paid).

When ordering give size round waist and inside leg measure.

Another Coat FREE—is yours for the asking—if you can *possibly* get wet in our (Regd.) "CEBEDENE" Coat.

THE "CEBEDENE" (Regd.) Trench Coat is guaranteed absolutely waterproof, all seams being sewn and covered. In Fawn or Navy Blue, checked rubber lined, with detachable wool lining. This lining can be removed in the warmer weather, thus making the garment an "All the year round coat." Every coat bears the "Cebedene" label, without which no garment is genuine. The most perfect rain-resisting coat on the market. Stylishly cut and well tailored ... CURZON'S PRICE (*Fawn or Navy*) (Carriage Paid) **25/6**

When ordering please give your height and measurement round chest (taken over waistcoat).

No patterns of any of the above lines can be sent out, but ALL CURZON goods are sold under the guarantee of money back if not to your entire satisfaction.

ORDERS BY POST TO BE SENT TO

CURZON BROS LTD

THE FAMOUS LONDON TAILORS AND OUTFITTERS.

Head Depot: 36-38, New Bridge Street, LONDON, E.C.4

"All the World knows it's Curzon's for Clothes."

Don't merely ask for Dog Cakes or Puppy Biscuits —ask definitely for SPRATTS

For over sixty three years Spratts' "Meat-Fibrine" Foods have been the standard diet of every well-kept dog, and to-day are the daily menu of the fittest and healthiest dogs throughout the world. Always insist on Spratts'—in the white cotton bags!

Leaflets on Dog Keeping Free on request

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED,
24/6 FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.3

SPECIAL LINO OFFER

SARTOLEUM Cork Linos and Oilcloths at bargain prices. BRITISH MADE. Perfect quality. Supplied DIRECT only. **CORK LINO**, 3/- per sq. yd. **OILCLOTHS**, 2/- per sq. yd. **WRITE FOR FREE PATTERNS** and beautifully illustrated Catalogue. **SEND NO MONEY.** **FLOORCOVERINGS Ltd.** (Dept. 38), Sartor House, Derby Street, Cheetham, Manchester.

Look sunburnt and well!

Why look pale and unhealthy? Get that healthy look you see on those who lead an outdoor life! You can apply our Sunburn Lotion gradually so that no one can detect the change. Makes you 100% better looking. Helps socially and in business. Absolutely harmless. Send P.O. 3/- for full size bottle post free under plain cover. XL17 (Laboratories), 5, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

HE WAS BALD

The merchant, Mr. John Hart Brittain, who was almost completely bald for several years, learned the secret of a wonderfully efficacious hair-growing compound.

In a very short time the large spot, hitherto bald, was completely and lastingly covered with luxuriant growth.

HIS HAIR GREW

The mixture called Kotalko is prepared according to the genuine formula and contains potent ingredients from Three Kingdoms of Nature. KOTALKO has proved itself a quick and reliable hair grower. It stops hairs from falling out. It eliminates scurf. Either sex may use it. Legions of persons report new growth.

A BOX FOR YOU.

Any reader of this notice who would like a testing box of Kotalko may obtain one post paid by sending threepence in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53EJ), London, W.1. After using the testing package, when you observe that your hair is beginning to grow, you may obtain a further supply at a modicum.

100,000 Rugs GIVEN AWAY.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull," 21-6 24. On receipt of Postal Order for **12/6** we will forward Direct from our Looms to your address one of our "Prudential" Mammoth

Real Seamless Woven GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS CARPETS

Carriage 1/- extra.

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self shades of Crimson, Green, Blue and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room.

These Carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as sample bargains, showing you the identical quality we supply. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over 600,000 sold during the past 12 months. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome Rug to match. Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Linoleum, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., post free, if mentioning "John Bull" 21-6-24, when writing. (Rugs idled over Half a Century.)

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Wesley Rd. City of Leeds.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FASCINATING EGYPT.—Write the I.C.A., 2,077, Sandooq Bosta, Cairo, for Catalogue B. Letters or p.c.s 1½d.

BEDSTEADS, etc., DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO HOME. Latest designs in Metal and Wood. Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., also Furniture. All goods sent Carriage Paid in perfectly new condition (nothing shop-soiled). Illustrated Lists post free. Cash or instalments. Why pay retail prices?—Established 35 years.—CHARLES RILEY, Desk 10, MOOR ST., BIRMINGHAM.

BILLIARD TABLES.—New and second-hand; all sizes and makes. Bargain list free.—JELKS, 263-279, Holloway Road, N.7.

CYCLISTS! SAVE MORE by dealing direct with Factory. 50/- better value in Cycles from 77/6 Cash. Easy Payments 2/3 Weekly. Tyres 30 per cent. cheaper, from 2/11. Carriers 9d., Chains 1/11. Guaranteed Cyclometers 2/6, Half-Crown Waterproof Helmets 4d. Thousand more extraordinary bargains. Write for Monster 164-page Shopping Guide. It's ABSOLUTELY FREE. No obligation to purchase. Address Moorhouse, Ltd., 89, Winchester Works, Padiham, Burnley.

FINDING A POST is a question of selling your services, and the more valuable those services the greater the "price" obtainable. Therefore, to command higher remuneration you must INCREASE YOUR ABILITY, the ideal success-assuring means being a Metropolitan College Spare-time Course of Expert Postal tuition, undertaken in your own home.

SUBJECTS: Accountancy, Secretaryship, Advertising, Insurance, London B. Com. Degree, Banking, Costing, Business Training, Matriculation, Professional Prelim. Examinations.

Over 3,000 successes at professional examinations in 1923. Many intensely practical non-examination courses. Moderate fees, by instalments if desired. Send postcard today for "Guide to Careers in Business," 140 pp., free.—METROPOLITAN COLLEGE, Dept. 31, ST. ALBANS.

ACTING for the Films.—Those desirous of becoming kinema stars should read "How to Become a Film Artiste," price 2/3, post free from "Picturegoer" Salon, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

till Baby is weaned—
Cow & Gate
FULL CREAM
FOR INFANTS & INVALIDS
Cow & Gate Milk Food
COW & GATE MILK FOOD is a complete diet, and ensures Baby full nourishment throughout the whole of the first year, or until he is able to take solid food. There is no need for any worrying graduated changes of diet. Baby's steady growth and sturdy health are alone sufficient to relieve the Mother of any anxiety on that score.
COW & GATE MILK FOOD is made of the best milk of healthy West Country herds, and offers a complete natural nourishment free from every harmful element.
Awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene.
COW & GATE HOUSE, GUILDFORD, SURREY.
COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE
Post this Coupon together with your name and address and we will send POST FREE a miniature tin of COW & GATE MILK FOOD
Dept. A.11.
OF ALL CHEMISTS 1/6 2/9 7/9 PER TIN
Babies Love it!

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A1 OFFER.—HOW TO START IN BUSINESS WITH £2.—Cheapest wholesale warehouse for Drapery, Hosiery, Boots and Clothing. Best House for beginners. Send for free catalogue.—H Marks, 81, Houndsditch, E.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to Start, Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.BJ, 96, High Street, Manchester.

BIG OPPORTUNITIES for Small Traders.—Special Cheap Lines in Hosiery, Underwear, Blouses, Jumpers, Overalls, Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc. Illustrated Catalogue Free.—S. Mosco, 3, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREEMAN'S, Contractors to H.M Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

PART-TIME AGENCY.—Ex. opportunity for persons in regular employment to sell Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Jewellery, etc.; cash or credit; good comm.—Apply, J. Turner (Dept. 19), 10, The Arcade, Grattan Road, Bradford.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A THOUSAND MILLION POUNDS A YEAR!

Goods to more than this value are manufactured every year in Britain and sold through the efforts of Expert Salesmen. Mr. Wallace Attwood, Britain's Leading Teacher of Salesmanship, has found over a thousand good positions at remuneration from £5 a week up to £1,000 a year, during the last two years alone. If you want to be trained and secure such a good position in the Selling Profession, write for a free interesting book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," which will be sent, post free, by return. The Wallace Attwood Correspondence College, 28T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. — "THE COLLEGE THAT NEVER LETS A STUDENT DOWN."

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT. — Become a qualified Motor Driver with Official certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free. Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1. Also apprenticeships in Automobile Engineering. Apply Chief Engineer.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial or London and Suburban Newspapers, 7/10; 25 Country, 2/6. Covering Wales, 3/6. Many others. Prospectus free.—Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars.—H. Levaine (Dept J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. Write, Noble Bros., Pelham Street, Nottingham.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 3/6 per 1,000. Memos, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples, 3d. postage.—Mead & Son, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

IF YOU SELL MAIL ORDER and your lines appeal to the "Million," describe them in these classified columns. One regular JOHN BULL Want-Ad. user writes: "*I would be sorry to manage a mail order business without it.*" Rate 8/- per line (about six words). Minimum charge 24/-.—For further proof of the pulling power of JOHN BULL Want Ads., or in sending an ad., address Small Advertisements Manager, JOHN BULL, 57-9, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 3½d. Write for free 1924 patt. bk. —Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

FOR SERIOUS LIVER & KIDNEY DISORDERS.

WHY BOXERS NEVER HAVE THEM

TOLD BY *Jimmy Wilde*

Some training camp secrets divulged by the greatest little boxer of his weight and day.

"Liverishness," languor, acidity, indigestion and dyspepsia, catarrh, neuralgic pains, backache, headache, rheumatism, gout, lumbago, etc., etc., all arise simply from the accumulation of impurities in the system. Obviously the one and only way to get rid of the complaints quickly and permanently is to clear the impurities out. To do this, simply drink occasionally, before breakfast, a tumbler of hot saltrated water, prepared by adding a level teaspoonful, or less, of refined Alkia Saltrates. This produces a pleasant-tasting drink, and, being a standard compound, can be had at little cost from any chemist.

OVERALLS, bib and brace 5/6, jackets 5/3. Boiler suits 9/11.—J. Abbott & Co., 185, Princess Street, Manchester.

WALLPAPERS (Non-Combine). Send for free patterns to P.M. Wallpaper Merchants, Market Place, Denton, Manchester.

IRISH LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS.—Exceptional bargains. Splendid quality Gent's Hemstitched, 16 in., all-linen, 4/- ½ doz. Better quality, 5/- ½ doz. Ladies' ditto, 11 in., 3/6 ½ doz. Better quality, 4/6 ½ doz. All-linen Hand Towels, damask ends, 22 x 40, 4/- each. All articles post free.—Bennetts, Dept. 11, Room 607, 329, High Holborn, W.C.1.

ROOFING FELT.—"Utex" Brand—Pure Bitumen. Light Weight. Ideal for all small buildings. Send 5/- for trial roll, 12 Square Yards.—William Briggs & Sons, Ltd., Felt Manufacturers, Dundee.

BOOTS.—Buy Factory Direct. Enormous saving. AGENTS WANTED. Stamp for lists (L.) & particulars.—British Boot Co., Bristol.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

DON'T BE BULLIED.—Send 4d. stamps for 2 Illus. Sample Lsns. in Jujitsu.—YAWARA (J.B.), 10, Queensway, Hanworth, Feltham, Mx.

MASSAGE Experts wanted everywhere.—Enter this profession and earn 7/6 to 21/- per hour. Full particulars, specimen Diploma free. —47, Smae Iast., Festing Grove, Portsmouth.

LIVESTOCK.

AFRICAN Grey Parrots, Amazons, Young Talking Parrots and Cages, from 40/-.—Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

MUSICAL.

BOYD Pianos, world-famed for tone, touch, durability, direct from makers, on their deferred payment system.—Catalogue in colours, Boyd, Ltd. (Dept. 6), 19, Holborn, London, E.C.1.

ACCORDIONS, Jazz Instruments, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins.—Catalogue Free, Douglas, 99, King's Chmbs., South St., London, E.C.2.

GRAMOPHONES 30/6, motors 10/-; accessories, Violins, accordions, cheapest. 32-page list 2d. How to make Gramos.—Regnatbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

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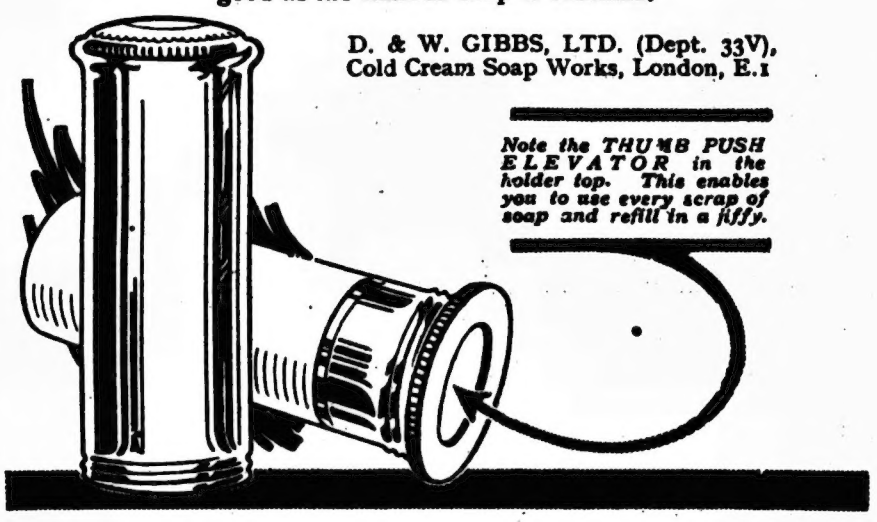

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Vol. XXXV. No. 942.
Week ending, Saturday.
June 21, 1924. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

For the People—the Right to Justice & Truth.

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
Telephone: Gerrard 9866.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

It's Coming.
It is now certain that there will be a General Election before the year is out. Faced with impotence or certain defeat, the Government intends to make an early appeal to the country.

His Chance.
Both Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Asquith profess themselves indignant with the failure of Mr. MacDonald to solve unemployment. Why doesn't he challenge their sincerity ?

Call Their Bluff.
Let him formulate bold plans embracing land settlement, electrification, roads, waterways and afforestation. Then let the responsibility for rejection lie with them.

Fixing the Blame.
Let him meet complaints by the production of heroic measures. If he does not, then it is on his shoulders the responsibility rests.

Jam To-morrow !
Mr. William Graham has no hope for the ratepayer. We are to wait for " a substantial improvement in industrial and administrative capacity." Sounds well and means nothing—as usual.

A Good Bill.
We wish Mr. Wheatley success with his profiteering Bill. But why stop at building materials ?

Make it Wider.
The principles of the Bill would apply with equal force to the promoters of any of the ramps from which we suffer. If fines and imprisonment are good for one brand of profiteer, they are good for all.

Figures Talk.
Dividends of 30 to 50 per cent. have just been declared by the principal tea companies. What about the poor consumer ?

Is it " Watching " ?
The promised enquiry into coal prices has been set up, but we're still waiting for the facts. Is it to go the way of the Committee on buildi ng prices ?

Make Them Tell.
If the coal merchants refuse to put their cards on the table, no one can make them—without legislation. But we can't understand why that legislation is not forthcoming.

Same Old Game.
On June 2 the entertainment tax was removed from the cheaper seats in kinemas. In many cases the public have not benefited. We invite Mr. Snowden to look into the matter.

Reasonable Demands.
We sympathise with the demand of blind workers for " equal wages." When they are efficient it is gross meanness to penalise them for their affliction.

Who Rules ?
Is Mr. Wheatley unable or only unwilling to challenge the building unions on the question of apprenticeship ? The cold fact is that some fifty thousand more men are urgently needed.

Organise the Labour.
If the unions have their way there is small hope of obtaining them. Upon the ability of the Government to issue orders and see that they are carried out depends the success of the Housing Scheme.

Destroy Blackmail !
We are well aware that what we propose would constitute a fundamental challenge to trade unionism as at present constituted. We want to see that challenge made.

Rebuild the Foundations.
We have reached the point when, to all practical purposes, the unions rule the community. Neither houses nor any other reform is sure till the position is changed.

Caught Napping.
There is a moral in the unofficial London Tube strike. When the union officials found their authority flouted, they had only themselves to blame.

Blind Guides.
For years they have impressed on their members the fallacy that the strike weapon is a sovereign remedy for all ills. Small wonder that the men used it for themselves !

Proof.
Yet how great a fallacy they preached can be seen from the record of the National Union of Boot and Shoe Operatives. For twenty-nine years it has been at peace with the employers.

Somebody Paid.
The Co-operative movement, which vehemently denounces " trading for profit," proudly points to a net surplus of £15,000,000. Do they think it dropped from heaven ?

Everyone's Responsibility.
That there should still be half a million ex-Servicemen unemployed is a bitter comment on our national honour. The very fact should be enough to shame the Government into action.

How to do It.
When the British Legion asks for £200,000,000 to enable the nation to redeem its pledge, it asks for nothing but bare justice. And if land values were effectively taxed the money could be found.

Deluged England
" John Bull " is the *ONLY* PAPER that pays Storm Benefits
See page 2

He's Forgotten.
Among those who voted against the Bill to restore all lands, minerals, etc., to the nation, appears the name of " H. H. Asquith." But it's years since the Liberal Party sang " God gave the land for the people " !

Money for Nothing.
There are 3,800 royalty owners, and in ten years no less than £60,000,000 has been handed to them. Who justifies such extortion ?

Nor for Landlords !
" God," says Lord Hugh Cecil, " did not make the land for the people." For sheer arrogance this woolly minded autocrat takes the biscuit !

No Need for Delay.
The Channel Tunnel, which we have persistently advocated, has at last become practical politics. If the Government fails to push ahead now, it will deserve nothing but condemnation.

What are They There For ?
The sweating of women and children in the tailoring trade has become a national scandal. In many cases even the inadequate Trade Board rates are ignored. The Ministry of Labour must get busy.

Woman's Right.
Every doctor employed in public clinics should be free to impart knowledge of birth control on request. And Mr. Wheatley's eyes may yet be opened when next he seeks women's votes.

The Week's Best Joke.
The British Fascisti have registered themselves as a Limited Company. Such a singularly appropriate notion needs no comment from us !

Terrorism.
In the Ruhr 2,000 political prisoners are in French jails. M. Herriot's first Act should be an amnesty and a clean sweep of those iron-fisted officials responsible.

Too few Safeguards.
That the yearly toll of factory accidents should average 100,000 argues something badly wrong with the way the Factory Acts are administered. The Home Secretary must wake up.

Save Seamen's Lives !
The time has surely arrived when the lifeboat service should be made an efficient national institution. It is disgraceful that it should have to rely on promiscuous cadging.

Property *v.* Life.
The safety of ships is not left to voluntary charity. It is intolerable that lives should be held cheaper than ships, and left to chance.

Why Don't They ?
Yet another certain " cure " for cancer is announced. The clear duty of the Ministry of Health is to investigate all such claims and give anxious sufferers an authoritative verdict.

Methylated Horror.
When are the promised measures to make methylated spirit undrinkable going to operate ? The evil gets worse than ever.

Too Little Oversight.
There have already been several accidents in the Amusements Park at Wembley. Unless inspection is tightened up there will be a serious accident.

A Crippled Hero.

Although blind in one eye, and minus the use of an arm, Fred Birkin, an ex-soldier, has not lost any of his Service pluck and daring. On hearing cries that a child was drowning in the Leicester canal, he rushed to the spot and, jumping in fully dressed, effected the rescue after a prolonged and plucky struggle. Well done, Fred!

Out of their Darkness.

The morbid, depressed by the monotony of good health, would be saved from nerve complaints by a visit to a gathering such as that of the National Union of the Professional and Industrial Blind. Sightless men who have conquered despair and misfortune showed that they can, by abnormal grit, win a living, and not charity, from the world. They are an inspiration to the hale and hearty!

An Orphan's Gratitude.

The Reedham Orphanage brought up Thomas Pescud, and sent him out into the world capable of earning his own living. From then Pescud resolved to help the institution which had helped him, and after a long life, in which self-denial played no small part, died at Guildford, leaving the Orphanage £600. If more people acted on Mr. Pescud's idea, and tried to help those who helped them, this would be a happier world.

The Fair Name of Woman.

A £30 legacy in the will of the late Mr. Wilkinson of Birmingham shows his good nature, and the charity of a woman. He left the money to Mrs. Derrington, of St. Briavels, near Monmouth, in recognition of her having nursed a poor neighbour in a last illness when the patient had been forsaken by the goody-goodies because of her shame. The greatness of Mrs. Derrington is enhanced by the littleness of spirit of the Pharisee neighbours.

Making Men Mad.

Keighley is dissatisfied with the treatment its townsman, Hugh Cecil Smith, had at the Chatham Naval Hospital. A neurasthenic case, he was placed in the mental ward, where there had been suicide cases. These and his environment of padded cells, barred windows, and locked doors so worried him that he became "temporarily insane," according to the coroner's jury, and cut his throat. The case should be investigated.

Children and Spiritualism.

It is a little fantastic to suggest that Spiritualist Sunday-schools call for the intervention of the N.S.P.C.C., but we confess that the introduction of young children into the never-never-land of spooks and séances strikes us as a most unpleasant business. The effect on a child of delicate nervous organisation may easily be disastrous. Soon enough the kiddies will be brought face to face with the mystery of death. Let them laugh and play in happy ignorance while they can.

Her Little Grey Home.

So long as old Sarah Gadsden, who lives in and owns a single room over a workshop in Abbey Hills Road, Oldham, persists in remaining there, she is to be fined at the rate of a shilling a day by the local magistrates, for the improvement scheme inaugurated in that borough involves her removal. Some excuse for the issuing of such a high-handed edict was made by declaring that the place would be a veritable death-trap in case of fire. If Oldham progress necessitates loss of the home she loves so well, ample recompense must be given and suitable accommodation found elsewhere.

For the Sake of Sixpence.

When Mrs. Ethel Connolly, of Stanley Road, Bootle, who had undergone an operation on the previous day, attended Bootle Borough Hospital to have her wounds dressed, she was refused admission because she had not a sixpence to pay for a treatment card. She went away crying with her baby in her arms, and was only admitted later in the day after a health visitor had provided the necessary coin. The superintendent has since admitted that the rule in the matter was too strictly enforced. We hope he will take steps that will prevent the recurrence of such an incident.

The Rising Generation!

Although seventy-seven years of age, Mrs. Guthrie of Grimsby has all her wits about her and knows how to keep a cool head. When fire broke out in her house she pluckily fought the flames, and managed to keep them in check until the arrival of the police and firemen. What a grand old lady!

Eyes Right.

The Corporation of Bradford has given a splendid lead in public health. For the future the eyes of every baby arriving in the city will be examined by a competent medical man within a few hours of its birth. As a result there can be no doubt that hundreds of infants will be saved from permanent blindness. The public conscience is awakening to its responsibilities. Bradford leads!

The Monster.

What sort of a man is Peter Wood, of 14, Parliamentary Road, Glasgow? When his wife was lying in child-birth, he arrived home the worse for drink and became so violent that the nurse left the house with the newly-born child. And the mother in her weak condition was forced to leave her bed, and seek refuge in a neighbour's house. Wood is lucky to have got off with twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour.

The Boss!

The father of a young miner named Welsh, at Stanley, Co. Durham, called on his boy's sweetheart. "Dick tells me you have put the names in," he said, and the happy eighteen-year-old girl replied "Yes." And then he shattered her hopes of happiness. "Here are your rings," he said, "my son wants nothing more to do with you. I am the boss." And when father and son passed her in the street and ignored her, the poor girl's heart was broken, and she drowned herself. What brutes some men are!

The Human Machine.

LEARNING POETRY.

By E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

EVERYONE at some time or other wishes to learn poems off by heart. Beautiful pieces of prose, too, are an excellent addition to one's memories.

There is a right way of learning such extracts in order to recall them easily.

Psychologists have done a great deal of experimental work on memory, and they have found that a piece of poetry can be learned most easily if it is read through as a whole, instead of in bits.

The usual—and wrong—way is to read a few lines until they can be remembered, then a few more lines, and so on. Finally, after much labour, the whole poem can be remembered.

To do this is to give yourself a great deal of unnecessary work. You form numerous associations between the ends and beginnings of lines where no associations should be.

These false associations tend later to block the memory. This is why so many people can repeat a poem up to a certain point, and then their mind becomes a blank.

The proper way is to read the poem straight through from beginning to end. Then do it again.

And again. And yet again. And each time go straight through from beginning to end.

There will come a moment when you find you can repeat the poem by heart. You will have learnt it almost without knowing it.

This, of course, applies to reasonably short poems of, say, five to ten verses.

Supposing you wish to learn a much longer poem? Clearly the thing to do is to divide it into several shorter pieces, and follow the same procedure with each.

Try both ways for yourself. The results will interest you.

Something to Live For!

A boy of the bull-dog breed is fourteen-year-old scout, George Kelman of Bishopmill, Morayshire. Lying in Spynie Churchyard with a fractured leg sustained through the fall of a heavy tombstone, his only thought was of the big jamboree he is to attend in London in August. "Will I be able to go to Wembley?" was the anxious enquiry of this dour young Scot. And he smiled when the doctor replied in the affirmative!

Light in the Gloom.

After trying in vain for over a year to obtain his due from the Ministry of Pensions, Mr. Eric Hodgkins, of 42, Church Road, Altofts, Yorks, read a paragraph in our columns announcing one of our many successes in procuring justice for disabled war heroes, and placed his case in our hands. He has just received a tidy sum of over £200 in respect of arrears, and an award of a pension of £2 a week with 20 per cent. bonus added for the future. Whatever your trouble, big or small, write to JOHN BULL about it!

Medical Pride.

With pride a contemporary points out the very insignificant number of medical men who are rapped over the knuckles by the General Medical Council. Humble panel patients, however, do not all share this enthusiasm. Teachers rightly complain of the tendency for too large classes, and we complain of a worse peril to the health of the nation—panel doctors with more patients on their books than they can attend. We recommend the matter to the General Medical Council.

A Dangerous Doctrine.

"I always shall give credit for the patriotic action of men who joined up when the war first broke out," said Mr. Mead, the Marlborough Street magistrate, when inflicting a paltry fine of £2, with £1 costs, on Frederick Victor Sherren, of Beryl Road, Hammersmith, for driving a motor-car while drunk in Hyde Park. None has more respect for men who joined up in 1914 than ourselves, but we fail to see that it gives them the right to jeopardise the lives and limbs of their fellow citizens with impunity.

Roll on, Friday!

Many a war widow with children finds her troubles intensified by the fact that her pension is payable on Monday morning instead of at the end of the week. Saturday is the family shopping day for many reasons, and comestibles are invariably cheaper then than on Mondays. We know of more than one poor woman who has to resort to the local usurer and borrow money at a penny in the shilling interest in order to provide the Sunday dinner through this failure of the Ministry of Pensions to accommodate its methods to common domestic needs. Make Friday pay-day!

Vanished Thousands.

All those hundreds of readers who have written asking for news of the sweepstake organised by the Cærau Constitutional Club can now give up wondering. Morton King Puttock, the treasurer, has been sent to jail for three months. "Expenses" had used up £880, a fact that evidently influenced the magistrates in coming to their decision. And now the poor victims of this precious sweep want to know what has become of their subscriptions—which is, after all, a fairly reasonable question. Have the funds been confiscated? If so, by whom?

Eastbourne in Disgrace.

Eastbourne may well consider itself in disgrace. Hundreds of children saved every half-penny of their pocket money for months in anticipation of a great joy day at Wembley. Many local residents gave their services free in organising this treat for the youngsters. But the Corporation would have its ounce of flesh from the little ones, and charged them 3d. for the 'bus journey to the railway station, where they had to assemble between 5 a.m. and 6 a.m., although the very vehicles that conveyed them bore a notice, "Fare to and from the station before 9 a.m., 1d." It does not need a reputation for murders to disgust the public with a city like that.

Stop the Scandal.

It seems useless expecting the authorities to end the scandal of white girls associating with Chinese and Blacks at the ports, but is it too much to ask that action should be taken to stop the landing of coloured men suffering from venereal disease to spread the scourge among our own population? Aliens of any colour so affected should not be allowed to land at our ports.

Nerve!

Tenants on the Hyde Farm Estate, Streatham, London, S.W., have a grievance. A communication signed by E. H. Dashwood and Allen H. Purcell "for and on behalf of the landlord" informs them that anyone wishing to erect wireless apparatus may do so only after paying a licence fee of 2s. 6d. per annum, and that any apparatus otherwise erected will be removed and the cost of removal charged to the tenants. This is surely an unwarrantable interference with the right granted by the Postmaster-General's licence, and disgraceful profiteering to book.

Gold Coast Scoundrels.

Coloured crooks on the Gold Coast are again very active, and it is necessary to repeat our warning to "Bullets" prizewinners and others to take no notice of effusive letters which they may receive from these scoundrels. At best they are cadgers, but they have been known to communicate the addresses of correspondents to blackguardly compatriots in this country who impersonate them and attempt to get on intimate terms with any girls in the family, with what object we leave to the imagination of parents.

Hopes Deferred.

It is very pleasant for a poor man to receive an intimation that he has been successful in a competition in which £50 was offered for a correct forecast, and that he may expect a cheque in a day or two. One of our Leeds readers received such a communication from "National Publicity Service," a tradesmen's coupon concern run by A. M. Norbury, at 175a, Oxford Road, Manchester. Though several weeks have since elapsed, however, he has not yet received his prize, and neither he nor the shopkeeper who distributed the coupons can obtain reply to their letters.

Gone West?

Many correspondents are enquiring of us regarding the result of "The Christmas Card Ballot," which was run from Pearl Buildings, Reading, in aid of "The Lifeboat," by an individual named Carr Hill. Books of tickets to the value of £150,000 were distributed, 20 per cent. of which was promised in prize money, so the scheme was one of some magnitude. We regret that the only information we can give to enquirers is that letters addressed to Reading asking for the result are returned by the Post Office marked "Gone away."

Wembley Waitresses—

Two visitors from overseas to the British Empire Exhibition called on us last week to register a protest against the system of employment of waitresses at Wembley. They had discovered that the girl who served them had to pay for the order before delivering it, and she was almost distracted with anxiety because she had that day lost 18s. through customers leaving in her absence without paying. Her wages were only £1 a week, and she was wondering how to face pay-day. There seems to be the making of a pretty scandal in these catering arrangements.

—And Others!

And here is food for thought for patrons of tea-shops. "My wage, as an experienced waitress, is 17s. weekly, which is reduced to 15s. 6d. when washing and insurance contributions are accounted for. In addition, I get 4d. in the £1 commission after my takings for the week have totalled £9. All tips are collected and shared out monthly among the whole staff, including the manageress, and 5s. each is considered a good average. We waitresses, in addition to waiting, have to scrub counters and tables and clean up the shop generally. Hours 8.30 to 6.30 p.m." And the girl who writes this is better off than many!

Beauty—and Beastliness.

There are police officers knowing the West End of London well enough to understand that many of the Beauty Parlours now open are really resorts where beastliness unspeakable flourishes, and we suggest that the authorities might well turn their attention to these haunts of the depraved.

Beach Nuts.

With the start of the holiday season the beach nuts who thrive on the coppers of the unwary have bobbed up. One man fell off a groyne at Brighton into three feet of water. A "hero" immediately "saved his life," and a spectator at once raised loud cheers and started a collection for the "hero." When the police came up and started enquiring the trio vanished, and the crowd found they'd been had. Meanwhile, real heroes go unrewarded.

Money in Boots.

We wish more power to the elbow of Mr. T. F. Richards, of the National Union of Boot and Shoe Operatives. He points out that the good war-time boot was dished by the greed of distributors who demanded 33 per cent. profit instead of 12½ per cent., and he is striving to get a guaranteed leather boot produced, so that the poor who pay for leather-won't be sold cardboard. Thieves who sell shoddy boots want jumping on with hobnail boots.

The Angel of Death.

Our readers will join with us in extending sympathy to our contributor, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D., in the death of Mrs. Campbell who had been seriously ill for some time. Despite the strain under which he was working, Dr. Campbell did not fail JOHN BULL readers with his usual little articles of help and cheer.

Problems of Life.

NOT BEYOND REMEDY.

By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

HOW we take for granted that what is done can never be undone, that there is no going back on the past, that the consequences of our sins and follies pursue us relentlessly through life!

There is no escaping the common experience in regard to these things; on the face of it the belief that our evil deeds come home to roost is well founded.

A man cannot play tricks with his constitution and be as though he had not.

He cannot waste his days in self-indulgence and attain to mastery in any serious vocation.

He cannot play false to his ideals and convictions without developing into a despicable character.

He cannot act meanly and cruelly to others without suffering for it soon or late. Break a heart that trusts and loves you and your own will be wrung by-and-by.

But we are not justified in saying of any man or any situation that the case is hopeless, for it is not true.

Nature teaches us a useful lesson in this way; she always works towards compensation.

No sooner is a limb broken than she starts to mend it; give her time and she will reclothe every blight-smitten landscape with verdure and bloom. Many of her expedients in the renewing of life are as ingenious as they are beautiful.

The same holds good of character and destiny; nothing is final. Let no mood of despair ever persuade you of the contrary.

The worst mistake can be redeemed; the wickedest action can be retrieved.

Slow and toilsome may be our recovery of what we have lost by our own fault, but there are not barred gates on the upward road.

Others, Please Copy.

It is satisfactory to note that since we drew attention to charlatanry practised in the name of Astrology, some of the papers have deleted the advertisements referred to, but the example is one that might be followed more generally.

Show-card Slickness.

Tradesmen who write their own show-cards and price-tickets should beware of an individual giving the name of Boxall, 11, Bond Street, Vauxhall, London, S.W., who may call on them and offer special ticket-writing pens. After collecting cash with order he takes his leave with an affable smile, but the goods are not delivered, and letters addressed as above are returned by the Post Office marked "Not known." The only way to stop this kind of fraud is to institute a cash-on-delivery-postal system.

Hush-hush House Agents.

Previous exposures do not seem to have effected any improvement in the methods of Eastoe & Perry, the house agents, of 257, Essex Road, London, N. A reader who required a flat paid their fee of 7s. 6d. on April 7th, but hearing nothing from them for three weeks, wrote for an explanation. They ignored his letter, and when he called at their office they none too politely handed him a list of supposed vacant properties, with an intimation that their name must not be used, as they had not the landlord's permission to deal with them. What sort of game is this?

A Mystery Solved.

We have quickly received a solution of the mysterious offer made by Alpheus Bancroft, "Director of Appointments," 1438, You Street, Washington, D.C., North America, to which we referred a fortnight ago. Alpheus appears to be the mouthpiece of "The M. A. Winter Co." of the same town, who are anxious to persuade people in this country to peddle some sort of patent medicine called "Nalther Tablets." After wading through a flood of Yankee literature which they have sent to applicants for the appointment, we do not recommend the acceptance of the offer.

Uncle Sam Slick Protests.

The Ritholy Spectacle Co., of Chicago, U.S.A., to whose methods we recently drew attention under the heading "Uncle Sam Slick," have sent us a letter of pained protest, declaring that they are willing at all times to please and satisfy their customers in every respect. Despite the tone of injured innocence which they affect, we have received so many grossly offensive letters which they have sent to readers demanding payment for goods long since returned, that we can only reiterate our condemnation of their way of doing business and repeat our warning.

The "No Fees" Ramp.

We have done so much to open the eyes of the public regarding the methods of moneylenders that many of these grab-all gentry have taken to including the phrase "No Fees" in their advertisements. Henry Rothfield, Ltd., 49, Grainger Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, do this, but when a business woman in need of a little capital applied for a loan, they at once demanded 7s. 6d. "as a very small fee for expenses." After a couple of days they wrote refusing the application without a surety, and intimating that a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed if a further reply was desired. This is rank robbery.

Collaring Schoolboys' Savings.

"The Midland Scientific Products Co.," of Queen's Road, Aston, Birmingham, advertise in juvenile periodicals mechanical models and other articles attractive to the schoolboy mind. The son of a reader emptied his money-box of his savings last January and sent them 17s. 3d. He is still without his toys, and when we wrote to the firm asking them why they were sticking to his savings we received an evasive reply, signed "J. Hartborne." Over two years ago we exposed "The Hartborne Small Power Co." of the same address, for similar practices. The change of name does not seem to have brought about a change of nature.

How to Lose Your Home

WE are constantly getting complaints about the firm of Adam Smith, Limited, of 72, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1, the persistent and enterprising money-lending firm.

One of the last communications we had from this firm was an impudent invitation to festivities in the West End which were to be punctuated with a bumper of champagne. We need say no more of this than that it shows the impertinence of their outlook upon life.

Fee-snatching is one of the subsidiary profits of the moneylender. A recent case in point will show how it is done. A gentleman living in Leighton Buzzard writes to say how he regrets that he missed a warning paragraph in JOHN BULL on this concern. That is why we are giving it a wider publicity.

This gentleman got into correspondence with Adam Smith, Ltd., intending to obtain a loan of £100 on the security of his home, which he had furnished by commuting his pension. He had spent over £200 on it.

He got a letter from Adam Smith offering to consider the matter but asking, before completing the transaction, for the sum of 25s. as they desired to send a representative to see the prospective borrower in his home.

The 25s. was duly sent by postal orders, but it was not acknowledged. After a month—no representative in the meantime having arrived—Adam Smith, Ltd., wrote a polite letter saying they had considered the application but regretted that they could not entertain it.

They did not return the 25s. which was sent for the specific purpose of paying the expenses of a representative which were never incurred, but they added a polite and, in the circumstances, cynically humorous sentence, "Thanking you for your offer of business."

Amongst the many other complaints we have recently received is one from a gentleman who borrowed £100 from Adam Smith on the security of his furniture which was in storage. The interest demanded was £50. He paid £80 off the account, but could not continue the payments. So they took and sold the furniture, giving him none of the proceeds.

The result is that he got £100, paid back £80, lost his home, which he valued at nearly £200, and is now unable to get any replies to his letters.

We could fill a page with stories like this. When will the public learn to have nothing to do with these leeches; or, when they do get into their clutches, to seek the protection of the courts, which will review the transaction and see fair play?

Until they do it is easy to understand how Adam Smith can afford to issue invitations for champagne parties to a journal attacking and exposing their iniquitous and avaricious methods.

A Blot on the White Ensign

IN Whitehall they deal with abstract things, and a man's dead body more or less does not worry officialdom. The red tape of the Admiralty is aptly coloured, for it is dyed with the blood of a forgotten hero.

NO tears will be shed in Whitehall over the dead body of Frank Vincent; no Union Jacks will be hung at half-mast; no gold-braided official will lose a night's sleep over the sad event.

Yet Frank Vincent's death was due, unquestionably, to Admiralty meanness and red tape. And the policy of meanness which ended Vincent's life may be imperilling the lives of many other Britons who are serving their King and country on the high seas.

There are still in His Majesty's fighting ships young men whose sole ambition it is to devote themselves to the service of the country and give their all to the Navy, which is its first line of defence.

Frank Vincent enlisted when he was eighteen years of age, and served throughout the war. He was happy in the calling that he had chosen. He devoted himself strenuously to it, and divided all his interest between it and the little home he established at Portsmouth as soon as he was able to marry. He had two little children, one of them a boy, and when he came home he would dangle this youngster on his knee and tell him tales of the sea which the boy, when he grew up, was also to follow.

He was ambitious, and resolved to qualify for promotion to the rank of petty officer so that he might continue to make his whole career in the Navy. He had already served over nine years learning his business.

He passed as petty officer and was waiting for a vacancy when he was ordered to change ships. It is always rather a wrench for a sailor to leave his old ship to go to a new one. But Vincent bore it bravely. He knew that he would get his reward in the end.

He got it—a very different kind of reward from what he anticipated and from what he deserved. On changing ships he had to undergo a medical examination. The doctor found him fit, save in one detail. His left eye was slightly defective, and he did not pass.

It was a crushing blow to Vincent. It meant that his long and dearly-cherished ambition could never be realised. He told the doctor that he was quite fit when he joined the Navy, and pointed out that the defect had occurred during his service.

There was nothing for it but to go back to the ranks, a disappointed and broken man, and to finish his sea service till he could retire upon a small pension which would help him on his return to civil life.

To do that he had to serve for another few months, a mere trifle to a man with over nine years' service.

Will it be believed that he was not even allowed to do this? *On the plea that his eyesight was defective he was compulsorily retired there and then.* The authorities, with discreditable meanness, handed him the paltry sum of eighteen pounds, and pushed him ashore, there to fend for himself and wife and children as best he could.

If they had allowed him to stay for a few months longer—during which time they could surely have found him work ashore—he would have earned the small pension he so badly needed.

The excuse they gave was the defect they had discovered in his eye. And they only discovered that by accident when he changed ships after he had voluntarily submitted himself for promotion.

If he had remained a little longer on his old ship he would have finished a term of service entitling him to a pension. He was deprived of the opportunity of doing that and, in plain words, was punished for his zeal.

And what a punishment! The poor fellow went ashore and found himself in the ranks of the unemployed. His eighteen pounds was soon spent in keeping himself and his two children and his wife, who was expecting another child.

For six months he went through the heartbreaking pilgrimage of the unemployed from place to place seeking work. He got a small job and thought his troubles were over, but it proved only temporary, and soon he was again to be in the queue of the lost legion of the workless.

Tortured by the thought of his empty future, by the loss of a pension that had been stolen from him, the poor fellow hanged himself with a piece of rope on the rail of his bed.

What is the Admiralty going to do for the widow and orphans? Will it retrieve its terrible blunder? Or will it fall back on the red-tape defence that, under the regulations, nothing can be regarded as due to the dependents of a suicide?

Will they leave the dead seaman's son to grow up as best he may in the hope that he, too, may be one day induced to join the Navy which is the country's Greatest Glory and was his father's death blow?

There are probably many other men in our Navy in exactly the same position as was Frank Vincent. Will they be treated as he was treated?

Or can we have the assurance of the Admiralty that someone has blundered, and blundered badly, and that he will be hauled over the coals for his errors?

Justice with a Squint

JUSTICE is generally depicted by artists as an angel carefully blindfolded, but we fear that any sculptor commissioned to execute a figure to represent the administration of the law in Bristol would have to make it that of a woman suffering from the confusing and unsightly myopic affliction commonly known as squint eye.

In no other way that we can imagine could he illustrate the extraordinary discrepancy between two judgments of the local magistrates in the Bristol Police Court on the same day.

In the once case they had before them Ellen Mary Isles, a married woman, charged with stealing goods to the total value of nearly £150, and with her in the dock stood her husband, charged with receiving the property well knowing it to have been stolen.

Mrs. Isles had been in the employ of Messrs. Hunt and Phillips as a saleswoman from December until March. While there she seems to have pilfered goods right and left, and a representative identified quantities of material, handkerchiefs, curtains and towels found at her home as the firm's property, and valued it at nearly £35.

When she left there she went to work at Messrs. J. F. Taylor & Sons. She only remained with them from April 26 until her arrest on May 23, but such were her taking ways that in that short period she stole material, stockings and gloves to the total value of £113 10s.

There was no evidence of extreme poverty or great distress. Her husband earned £3 a week, and she had her own wages and only one child to keep.

A legal representative urged that she had a mania for gathering goods magpie-like. She could not be classed as a criminal, but rather as one temporarily possessed by the devil. And so on.

The magistrates dismissed the charge against her husband and, after consulting in private with their clerk, bound her over.

Far be it from us to condemn mercy, but remembering the quality of mercy, we are amazed that it should have been shown in this case and withheld in the next.

The other was the case of James Gibbs, accused of stealing motor-cycle covers and inner tubes worth £5 12s. 6d.

He had no lawyer to appear for him, but his wife pleaded on his behalf. She told how he had been out of work for two years, and was in bad health. There were six children under fourteen, and the baby had pneumonia. The total family income was 38s. a week, out of which they had to pay 8s. 6d. rent. Surely a case for mercy.

Out of hand the magistrates sent the poor fellow to prison for three months.

Who shall say that justice in Bristol does not squint?

An Oily Scandal

TO strike oil is the aim of most of us, but we are not likely to see it with the Company we expose in this article. To take £750,000 from the public and produce not a thimbleful of oil is a bit too thick!

IT is the ambition of a great many people to strike oil. It is the fortune, or rather the misfortune, of a great many people not to find it. Many are called, but few are chosen.

But if we do not all of us strike oil it is not because there are not a number of people willing and anxious to give us the tip how to do it. Conspicuous amongst the class of benevolent gentry is Mr. Joseph Chown, who used to trade under the name of Hatton, Morris & Company.

This firm had a notion that oil ought to come, like the Wise Men of old, from the East. So it invited the people of this country to put their money into oil mines in Galicia and Roumania and adjacent territories.

It found a great many people to take its tips. The companies were registered in Guernsey, and one could buy shares in them by paying small weekly or monthly instalments—a great temptation to the working-classes.

In any case there are something like five thousand shareholders in Great Britain and in the Colonies who put up some hundreds of thousands of pounds to get oil out of Galicia or Roumania.

These Chown companies had a disastrous career, and the capital practically all disappeared. But in all these shady financial ramps there is one quality that is always constant, the belief of the promoters that their dupes, if only they are nicely talked to, can be "done" again and induced, by appeals to them as sportsmen, to throw good money after bad.

We find that in April, 1922, most of Chown's companies were, somehow or other, amalgamated in a concern called the Oil and Minerals Trust, Limited, which is located at 5, Court Row, Guernsey. The word "trust" seems to have a great fascination for ignorant and inexperienced investors. It apparently inspires confidence. In any case the shareholders in the Galician and Roumanian burst bubbles got in exchange for their worthless shares fresh shares in the Trust. The old wine was poured into new bottles.

They were also asked to pay a voluntary levy of sixpence a share to enable the company to protect its rights. As some of them were foolish enough to do this, a second levy followed. The policy of throwing good money after bad in this way put several thousand pounds into the pockets of the Trust. The shareholders were happy, because the managing director of the Trust is a Guernsey accountant named Ira D. Ozanne, who came into prominence and got their confidence by a scathing exposure of the methods by which the shareholders had been diddled by the notorious Chown companies of which he was the liquidator.

Unfortunately things did not flourish under the auspices of Mr. Ozanne. The Trust had a staggering capital of three-quarters of a million pounds, which ought to have been enough to get a few thousand barrels of oil out of the wells in Galicia and Roumania (if there are any there).

It did not get any—not a thimbleful. But it spent between six and seven thousand pounds on office wages and salaries, directors' fees, postage, telegrams, telephones, rent, printing, stationery, books, light, health insurance, expenses of conferences, travelling expenses, legal charges, expenses of incorporation and registration.

This is a very heavy expenditure. But not a shilling apparently was spent in lowering buckets down the wells to get the oil which the shareholders were really after! One would think that the money was subscribed not to get oil but to pay the health insurance of the clerks who were engaged in not getting the oil.

The company of course is in difficulties, with a loss of over two thousand pounds in twenty months, which the directors sagely observe will increase as long as the company is unable to undertake useful business.

The directors of the Oil and Mineral Trust now want to know what the shareholders are going to do about it! This is putting the boot on the wrong foot with a vengeance. We advise the shareholders not to part with any more money.

Meanwhile, they may be interested to know the fate of Chown. He is having a bad time, though he appears to have had some very good ones. He has gone bankrupt for £30,000 with assets of less than £500. In his accounts he includes £27,000 for household and personal expenses in three years, and £20,000 for "business and entertainment expenses in London and New York."

An entertaining fellow, no doubt. But it is not much fun for the poor devils who, by the thousand, put their life-savings into the oil bubbles he floated, who are now ruined, and are being badgered for further contributions to the Trust, even to the last few halfpence they possess.

When will the authorities pass the necessary legislation that we have constantly advocated, to cripple the activities of the sharks and rascals like Chown who prey upon the credulous and unwary?

A "Ring" of Reprobates

FROM time to time it has been our duty to reveal to the public some of the inner workings and dangers of the white slave gang, and to call upon the police to make greater efforts than they have made to bring this ghastly traffic in the bodies and souls of women to an end.

These are the facts in a nutshell. The gang is international in scope and power, has agents all over the world, and is controlled by wealthy corrupters of youth and innocence who work behind the scenes. The real offenders are rarely suspected by the police, because they organise their vile trade from countries other than those in which they reside.

Convincing confirmation of some of the amazing revelations we made in our last issue has just reached us. A few days ago the Russian police discovered the headquarters of a large White Slave "Ring" in Moscow, through which several hundred young girls of all nationalities had been sent to various houses of ill-fame in Moscow and Petrograd.

But that is not all. M. Sarakow, one of the members of the Moscow Cheka, has now been arrested in connection with the administration of this "Ring," and his wife has also been taken into custody with him.

The charge to be made against them is all the more amazing since Sarakow is the chief of the Soviet organisation for the protection of children!

Could there be any more tragic or damning corroboration of our statements than the discovery of this "Ring" by the Russian police? The authorities at Scotland Yard can add this amazing story to their dusty dossiers, dossiers which reek with shocking stories of corruption and shame and degradation, and which call for much more drastic action on the part of the police than is being taken at present to stop this foul trade.

Agents of the "Ring" are active in England. One recent case will show the way they work. An attractive girl was sent with a selection of hats to a West End flat at the request of a fascinating customer. She was shown into a luxurious drawing-room where the customer's male and female friends were taking tea. The girl was told by one of the men that she was too pretty to be in a shop, and the lady asked, "How would you like to be a lady's companion with me?"

That night the happy girl told her friends the story of her good fortune, and they recalled it a week later—when she was missing. She did not return, and her family were acquainted with her disappearance. Her brother rushed up from Devonshire and, hearing the story of his sister's experiences at the West End flat, called there to find that the occupant had left for Monte Carlo the previous week with a young girl answering to his sister's description! She cannot be traced.

A Worker of Miracles

THERE is a gentleman named Edward J. Woods, at 167, Strand, who is a miracle-worker. He has acquired a complete victory over the drink and tobacco habits.

If you have one of his treatments, and begin using it at seven o'clock in the evening, he says you might rejoice in an improvement by the next morning, and then every hour ought to show wonderful progress until the evening of the third day—just seventy-two hours—when the victory should be won!

There is an old saying, used by the prohibitionists, which says that once you have become addicted to drink you cannot give it up. They will receive a severe blow when they have read the striking accomplishments of Mr. Woods.

Two guineas is all he charges for the treatment that is to cure you of drink in seventy-two hours. That is very cheap when you consider the money some people spend because they can't do without their glass of beer. But the curious thing is that if you don't fall for the two-guinea touch Mr. Woods, in his graciousness, and in his zeal to rescue you from yourself, offers it for fifteen shillings. "Smile and be joyful" is his slogan. "There's a good time coming."

A gentleman living in Dublin (to take one case), who had learned some very bad habits while serving with the forces in Mesopotamia, thought he would like to give up smoking, and seeing an advertisement headed "How to stop smoking," he got in touch with Mr. Edward J. Woods, who told him that for a guinea he could be cured.

The gent from Mespot could not afford this. He wrote and said so. Mr. Woods was very amiable. He wrote to Dublin and told the irate smoker that he would let him have the treatment for eleven shillings, the balance to be paid when cured.

We are afraid Mr. Woods will never be paid the balance because the Dublin gentleman writes to us to say: "I am worse than ever, although I have taken what he calls two courses of his treatment. To crown matters, he wrote a few days ago telling me to 'excuse his delay in writing for the balance due.'

It was very good of Mr. Woods not to write before. He may have hesitated because it is difficult to "time" a cure when working the treatment on an ex-soldier.

These cures of the drinking and tobacco habits are worked on the auto-suggestion basis. The high-falutin phraseology used is, in itself, to anybody who understands the tricks of the trade, sufficient to be "seen through."

When writing for the balance of the money in the Dublin case, Mr. Woods said: "No doubt the matter has escaped your memory." The Dublin reader is a wise boy. He only remembers Mr. Woods when he is not smoking—which is very rare.

Deaf to a Whisper

WHISPERING tongues, said the poet, can poison truth. That was written long before the wonders of wireless. But it is equally true to-day.

There is a firm called Adolph and Tunbridge, at 12, Leverington Street Works, King Square, London, E.C.1, which specialises in wireless apparatus which it advertises in the technical Press.

One of these specialities is the "Whisperphone," a marvellous invention by whose aid weak or distant wireless transmissions can be detected and magnified and rendered audible.

This is all very well, but, unfortunately, the firm is not as supersensitive as its "Whisperphone." A reader ordered one of these things a year ago. He has not got it yet.

Another of its specialities is aids to hearing for the deaf. It looks as though it were out of stock in this particular line, because the firm itself is deplorably deaf when clients, who have sent remittances to it for "Whisperphones," bellow their resentment at being unable to get the goods.

Wireless enthusiasts have to be very careful about some of the boons and the blessings that unscrupulous advertisers promise them. In another case a firm is advertising a speciality, and when the money for it is sent it writes a letter pointing out that there has been delay in getting the parts, and promises to forward the goods by a specific date. The promise is not kept, and many readers have written to us complaining of this treatment.

With regard to the firm Adolph and Tunbridge, about whom we have received several complaints, readers are no doubt induced to part with their money by the statement on its notepaper that it was established in 1902. This fact was quite consoling to a reader of JOHN BULL until, as a matter of form, he wrote a peremptory letter insisting on the delivery of the articles which had been promised him.

His letter was returned by the postal officials marked "not found—away." The post office people apparently have no loud speakers to deal with a coy firm like this, or any aids to hearing for the deaf.

There is an old proverb which tells us that there are none so deaf as those who do not wish to hear. And that appears to be the case with the inventors of the "Whisperphone."

It is a great pity that the development of wireless should be accompanied by disagreeable incidents of this kind. And we think readers who have been duped should write to the papers in which the misleading advertisements appeared.

The policy of JOHN BULL is to guarantee the goods which are advertised in our columns. And although we have no wish to give advice to the conductors of other journals, we are entitled to point out that there is a way by which respectable journals can protect the public.

The Syndicate of Shame!

FOR some reason the police authorities have relaxed their vigilance on the Chinese dope traffickers who are taking full advantage of the lull. In this article we say plainly why the campaign must be renewed without delay.

THE other day a Chinaman named Ah Song was arrested at Cardiff. He had on him seventy thousand doses of opium, sufficient morphia to kill fourteen thousand people, an automatic pistol loaded in eight chambers and two loaded revolver magazines. An innocent and simple-minded Chinaman walking about an English railway station like a living arsenal!

He got three months and was recommended for deportation. Not a very severe and certainly not a savage sentence for a man trafficking on this amazing scale in the poison that ruins hundreds of homes and degrades and destroys thousands of young British women of the unwary type that these rascals seek and obtain as victims.

The police congratulated themselves on Ah Song's capture. But so far little has been said of the real facts of the matter. Ah Song, who will shortly be deported, has been deported before!

In the name of Ah Sing he was much wanted by the police during the Freda Kempton case. When, ultimately he was captured, he was jailed and deported to China.

Ah Sing cut off his pigtail and caught the first available boat back to Europe. First he went to Germany and from there he went to Rotterdam, ultimately shipping as a sailor on a vessel bound for Cardiff. Arrived there, he walked ashore and resumed his profitable and dangerous traffic in the land from which he had been banished!

If that were all, it would be merely an isolated case of a cunning Chinese rascal outwitting the English police. But it is not an isolated case; unfortunately, it is typical. The notorious Chang, one of the most dangerous dope kings, who was arrested after years of immunity, has now been ordered for deportation. He was a personal friend of Ah Sing, and they did many big deals together.

The Chinese dope traffickers are at present preparing a new offensive which is to be international in scope. Cardiff is to be made the new headquarters, and several Chinamen have been sent there already for the purpose of transferring Chinese disreputables to Liverpool, thus dodging the authorities who are watching for new arrivals on the quaysides of Liverpool and London.

Arrangements have been made for the dope to come from Basle, where it is made. It is to be brought through a Chinese agency recently established in Berlin, and will be distributed not only to Cardiff but to New York, San Francisco and Ottawa, where the agents, men and women, are being kept fully posted as to the progress that is being made.

A fresh batch of white girls has been enlisted in the cause, and are being carefully trained to distribute the dope to addicts in this country. Many unfortunate white women, too, are being well paid on the Continent, where they work under a member of the gang who is in close touch with the dope traffickers here.

Some of them will make big money. Others will be degraded to the lowest depths of debauchery as was the case with a young English actress, who fell for the drug craze, and whose story is whispered in the purlieus of Chinatown. She was drugged at a party attended by several young medical students, and her garments were torn from her and she was afterwards submitted to a nameless and revolting treatment staged by her evil Chinese "husband," who keeps many white girls. To-day she is a physical and mental wreck, a drug addict for whom there is no hope.

A few weeks ago there died an unfortunate woman drug taker, Mrs. Ada Pearson, of The Avenue, Alexandra Park. For two years she lived in agony, alone with her young son, who looked after her as best he could. He was kept from school, cut off from the world, a fifteen-year-old household drudge with a drug-soaked, drug fiend mother.

Another dreadful wreck of womanhood was picked up the other day in a train at London Bridge, a worn out, soddened, emaciated drug victim. Awful tragedies like these are occurring with terrible frequency, and the Chinese monsters revel in them.

It is upon them that they build their fortunes, fortunes made from broken lives and ruined homes. They laugh light-heartedly at our regulations. We prohibit cocaine—they produce something else. Just now they are very busy specialising on new drugs based on chlorodyne, and on a thing called kief, which, like hashish, is made from Indian hemp.

These drugs are as dangerous as cocaine. The unfortunate victims, while under their influence, enjoy a strange elation with fierce physical exaltations, but when the effect has worn off the depression and exhaustion are so great that they crave for more and, in the end, generally go mad or die.

In view of what is now going on behind the scenes, and of the story we have told here, we consider it a public duty to ask the police to renew their efforts to cope with the fresh activities of the evil parasites from China who batten on lust and weakness, on British flesh and blood.

The Colonel Keeps Sniping

SOME very alluring prospectuses and circulars are being broadcast at present respecting two concerns called the Electric Light and Power Contracts Finance Corporation, and the Wareham Electric Supply Company. On the face of it the propositions they represent look a very fine thing for the public.

Sir C. H. B. Soame is the Chairman of both concerns. Mr. W. Thompson, Solicitor, 21, Dennington Park Road, London, N.W., is Vice-Chairman of the Corporation, and on the Wareham prospectus he is set forth as the Company's solicitor, with an address at 43, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

Strange to say that share-pushing ex-officer Colonel Edmund Eaton, whose name is now notorious in the world of rocky finance, has an office in the same building.

The colonel is extremely militant, and has been for years, in showing the public how to make pots of money—on paper. And perhaps the most unfortunate thing about him is that his companies haven't somehow "got there," although it is sad to relate that much of the money that has reached the colonel as the result of his catchy literature, seems to have gone clean over the top.

All his companies are lame and impotent concerns, and it is a scandal that the law is powerless to prevent him from going on indefinitely in his graceless work of trapping the unwary. His audacity stops at nothing, and he has even induced respectable newspapers to publish puffs of his rotten schemes. We hope after they have read our remarks they will not be caught.

Some time ago, when we attacked certain preying propositions associated with the colonel, we saved many would-be investors from parting with their money. But a predatory and persistent humbug like Eaton has been too long at the game of grab not to know that mugs with money spring up like grass, and he is once again out to catch them by his cunningly compiled literature, and to feather his nest while the sun shines.

We strongly urge those of our readers who receive the circulars and prospectuses to which we have referred to put them in the waste-paper basket. They will rue it if they don't. Many doubtless will be impressed by the facts that Sir C. H. B. Soame is Chairman of both concerns.

Heed this not. The truth is that Sir C. H. B. Soame is an impecunious old baronet whose title has for years been hired out to Eaton in his money-grabbing, hopelessly rotten, shamefully audacious ramps, which official action should long ago have stamped out.

These facts, naturally enough, do not appear in the share-pushing literature. Neither does the fact that one of the Eaton concerns, a notorious paper mill ramp, is being investigated by the Official Receiver. Leave the colonel alone!

Send Mars to Hades!

by Lieut.-Commander the Hon. J. M. KENWORTHY, M.P.

IT is folly to say the world is at peace; the dark clouds of war are ever upon us. Shall we wait for the next inevitable conflagration, or take steps now to make the world safe for humanity?

LIEUT.-COMMANDER KENWORTHY.

AFTER twenty centuries of civilisation mankind is settling its disputes in the same way as mankind did in the Stone Age. Inefficient statesmanship reveals itself in international muddles; statesmen must not admit their inefficiency by admitting the muddles, so international quarrels result. And so far we have only discovered one method of settling such quarrels: it is the method of two dogs and one bone.

To smash the face of an opponent to pulp may not seem a serious matter when the opponent is a professional pugilist. But the young men who endured the indescribable filth and horror of the trenches have done much solid thinking since those black days, and they will never allow elderly "leaders of thought" to march them into the mouth of hell again.

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THE accident of an inventor discovering what has been termed the "Death Ray" emphasises the sinister fact that quietly but persistently an army of scientists and chemists in almost every country in Europe has been at work ever since the first Armistice Day in the endeavour to invent fearsome chemical and mechanical weapons with which to fight the next war. Edison himself has declared that "there exists no means of preventing a flotilla of aeroplanes flying over London to morrow and spreading a gas that would poison its millions in three hours."

That is the ominous fact of the future. It suggests that no present method of warfare is even justified by its effectiveness: as submarines rendered Dreadnoughts comparatively impotent it may be assumed that aeroplanes will replace infantry and cavalry.

Let us take a glance at the last war and in its light read a suggestion of the character of the war of the immediate future. The late war settled nothing, but it unsettled the world; it was a period of utter destruction with nothing constructive to its credit.

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WHAT is known as the Great War has left the world bankrupt and crippled; it involved a direct loss of life estimated at twelve millions; and if to the direct casualties there be added the loss of civilian life through famine, disease and massacre, the figure would hardly be less than twenty millions.

The cost of the war in material wealth cannot be estimated. It has left each of the belligerents (except America) with a colossal debt and an intolerable burden of taxation. It has ruined the economic life of two-thirds of Europe and threatens to engulf the remaining third in a similar catastrophe.

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THE war was destructive of some of the choicest elements of a man's soul. Writing the other day, a young fellow who had "done his bit" became puzzled about it all: "You know," he said, "it's very queer. I was a member of —— Church and the preacher urged me to go out and fight. He quoted the Venerable Archdeacon Wilberforce as preaching in St. Margaret's Church at the beginning of the war: 'To kill Germans is a divine service in the fullest acceptation of the term.' I heard my own clergyman say: 'If Christ came to the world to-day I would expect to see Him using a bayonet.' So I went. And I shall never get over it. One night in the trenches I stood on a man's face and every night now when I go to bed I see that man's eyes and I can't sleep."

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IN Liddle's "On the Russian Front" is an extract from a surgeon's note-book: "But, O Lord, what other sights I have seen to-day! It's horrible — horrible — horrible. I am often afraid that the tragedies I see will haunt me all my life; that my dreams will be blood-red and that armies of wrecked men will parade before me as I sleep. I thought I was hardened. I'm as sensitive as a little convent girl of seventeen . . ."

There is obviously a loss of things far more dear to the heart of a man and a nation than slices of territory or the name of some blundering statesman. War destroys the fine sensibilities of a man. The very object of military training is to render a man less sensitive and susceptible to humane feelings.

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SAYS an officer: "The one object of the military system is to overcome a man's natural reluctance to kill and to be killed. To accomplish this we have three devices: The first is to make the soldier more afraid of his own officers than he is of the enemy. The second is to convert him into an automaton by perpetual drill so that he obeys instinctively every order given without any intervention of his own choice or will. The third device is 'a just cause.'"

To prove how unutterably futile war is, one has only to look at the present state of the world. The "Peace" treaties are alive with the germs of future wars. And across every frontier in Europe "friendly" nations are glaring at one another with hate in their hearts.

So wasteful and futile has been the last war that Lord Haig has said: "It is the business of the churches to make my business impossible;" while General John F. O'Ryan says: "I should be a traitor to my country if I did not do everything in my power to abolish war."

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THE most remarkable "conversion" is that of General Percin, an artillery officer in the French army, who issued a "confession of faith" in which he said: "I was brought up as an ardent militarist, not to say jingo, and in 1865 entered the army as a professional soldier. Now at the age of seventy-seven, I have become an uncompromising pacifist. The war of 1914–18 has shown me the fallacy of believing that war is an unavoidable evil, the only method of settling international disputes. Victory is no longer the reward of bravery in a just cause. . . . War is not only a ruinous but an extremely stupid way as well, and must be replaced by something rational and effective."

If all this applies to the late war, what is to be said of the next war? That it will be equally futile and wasteful goes without saying; that it will be vastly superior to the last in the destruction of life and property and the perpetration of fiendish horrors is already assured. It is a known fact that the experts in Whitehall have been busy experimenting with improvements in poison gas.

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COLONEL WELSH, Chief of the New York Ordnance Dept., says the new engines of warfare designed by his department include a 4,000-lb. aerial bomb containing 2,000 lb. of explosives and capable of making craters 150 ft. in diameter and 57 ft. deep; also a gun that will shoot five miles farther than the best French gun used in the late war.

There are several superficially sound reasons for which the next war could be commenced. Economic competition is the explanation for many of the wars of the past—why not for the future?

An over-populated country is driven to the necessity for expansion and this often produces a war. This, no doubt, influenced Germany considerably in the last war: "Germany must expand," said a writer in 1913. "Every year an extra million babies are crying for more room and as the expansion of Germany by peaceful means seems impossible, Germany can only provide for those babies at the cost of potential foes, and France is one of them."

It is not difficult to see in preparation a world conflict. This could as easily start owing to a dispute between the French and the British as between the Japanese and America. In fact, intelligent observers are seriously perturbed at the prospect of the next war being a conflict between the white and the yellow races.

* * *

WAR is too frightful to be allowed to remain in the category of possible events. The making of war must be taken out of the hands of secret committees known as War Councils or Cabinets, and must be left to the free and cool consideration of those who, in the final resource, have to do the fighting.

There is a great deal of talk in these days of Disarmament, a policy with which I find myself in hearty agreement. Disarmament is the Doctrine of Deliverance. But I fear it is so full of dangers and difficulties that it will be some time before it can be put into force. Its adherents are split into two camps: those who urge that this country should set an example, no matter whether it meant that we were unarmed, surrounded by armed nations; the other camp agitates for International Disarmament, possibly via the machinery of the League of Nations. The one weakness of the latter suggestion is the absence of certain powerful nations from the League.

* * *

THE doctrine of disarmament is an affair of to-morrow. In my opinion a useful and possibly essential step can be taken to-day. This step is an alteration in the parliamentary procedure of declaring war. In the past wars have been waged by enthusiastic patriots whose enthusiasm has generally been generated in the furnace of inflamed passions. Had those passions been given time to cool and the peoples been given time to think calmly, very few wars would have been waged.

It should be made compulsory for international disputes to be submitted to the Tribunal of the League of Nations and also to the consideration of the *peoples* before war is declared.

* * *

IT is the peoples of the world who have to pay the price; the fathers and sons who have to leave home and fight, the mothers who wait, eyes blurred with tears, for footsteps that may never come.

They should have a voice in deciding their own fate.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To H.R.H. the DUKE OF YORK, K.G.,
White Lodge, Richmond.

YOUR HIGHNESS,—On behalf of ex-Service men I desire to thank you for your recent speech at the Queen's Hall, and especially for one vivid phrase. "It was an unedifying truth," you said, "that however else a nation might remember its great victories, its memory for those who made those victories possible was generally but short-lived." Not a day passes but the truth of this shameful indictment is tragically proved. May I venture to hope that your eloquent plea for the men who won the war will be heard again and yet again? JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.,
10, Downing Street.

MY DEAR PREMIER,—I have repeatedly protested against the passport nuisance, and when you promised to make them available for five years instead of two I welcomed even this slight removal of an obstructive and irritating system. Why you have not kept your promise I cannot understand, and I should be glad if you would give the matter your attention. But why not make an effort to get this tax on educative travel removed altogether? JOHN BULL.

Mr. JUSTICE SANKEY,
Royal Courts of Justice.

SIR,—Like yourself, I sometimes get ashamed of the law. At times, it is worse than "a hass"—it is a mule, or a serpent, or a lion, or a toad. You rightly complain about the shameful way in which costs of litigation are allowed to pile up. The case in point was that in which £154 was in dispute—the costs came to over £1,000. Whoever wins or loses the lawyers on both sides scoop a nice pool. Surely, such outrages are the result of defects in the legal machine? If so, cannot you give the lead to a movement to overhaul and repair that machine? JOHN BULL.

To EMANUEL SHINWELL, Esq., M.P.,
Secretary for Mines.

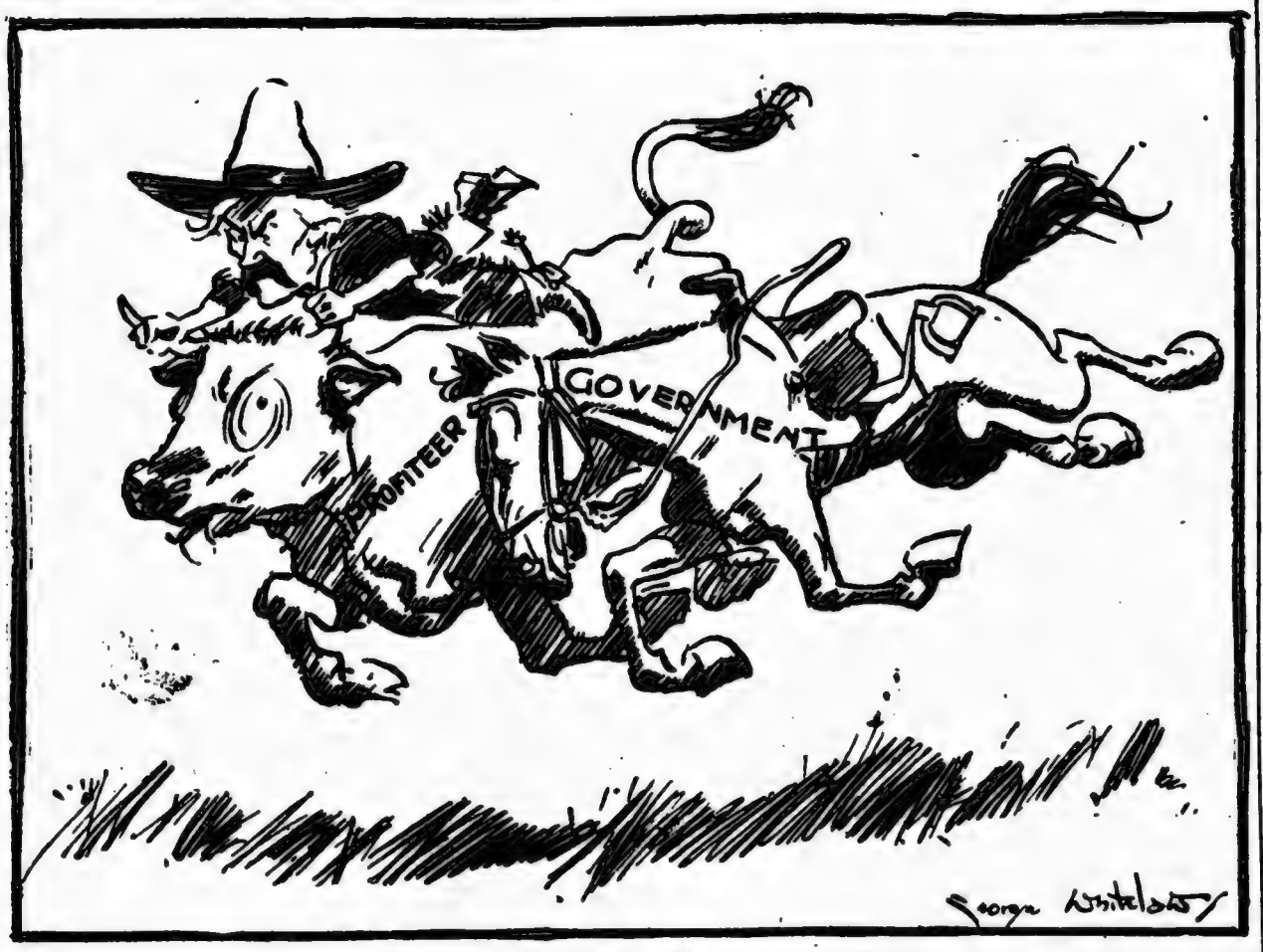
SIR,—I am disappointed at your delay in getting to real grips with the question of coal prices. So far you seem to be in the position of the nervous but boastful pugilist who announces till everyone is tired that he is "just a'goin' to begin." "We will compel the coal merchants to produce their cards before the Labour Government is very much older," runs your latest pronouncement. But you have said this so many times. Get on, do! JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. C. P. TREVELYAN, M.P.,
Minister for Education.

SIR,—In your educational reforms be careful not to cut off more than you can chew. One step at a time is a very good rule, and I wish you could take immediate steps to do away with the evil of large and unmanageable classes which is undermining the work of the elementary schools. If the present size of classes could be halved, the efficiency of the teaching would be more than doubled. Attack this problem boldly. The teachers will thank you, and the children will benefit. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. BURGIS,
Tottenham District Council.

SIR,—When the local authorities made a closing order against sixteen houses which were declared to be dangerous and injurious to health and unfit for human habitation, you dared to state that, "having regard to the class of tenants," you thought they were still fit for habitation. The only parallel to your disgusting attitude that comes to my mind is Marie Antoinette who, being informed that the poor had no bread, enquired why they did not eat cake. If I had my way I should put such as you in a home for mental deficients. As it is, I can only say you stink in the nostrils of all decent men. JOHN BULL.



"Ride him, Ramsay!"

To the Rt. Hon. THOMAS SHAW, M.P.,
Minister of Labour.

SIR,—I shall be glad if you will let me know what steps you are taking to counteract the dangerous movement of skilled engineers leaving this country. I cannot believe that you belong to the hare-brained set of Socialists who think we can play the devil with our best human material and finally subsist by taking in one another's washing. Please let me hear from you.
JOHN BULL.

ERNEST GEORGE, Esq.,
Everyman Theatre.

SIR,—You are, you say, "a Cockney and proud of it." And, with all the chances against you, you have made good until now your play *Low Tide* has been put on at London's highbrow theatre. It just goes to show what I have so often declared: that among the lowly born are men and women of genius. You have worked your way through life, first as newsboy, then tea-packer, and then railway clerk. Now you are a successful playwright. Good man! JOHN BULL.

Miss JEAN EAGLES,
Savoy Hotel.

MADAM,—When you arrived at Southampton from New York, you refused to answer the formal questions of the immigration officials, burst into angry tears and locked yourself in your cabin—for all the world like a stupid naughty child. Your apologists put this down to temperament. I agree—if the accent is on the first two syllables. I have no sympathy with an American who protests against our slight immigration rules so long as there remains the scandal of Ellis Island. In any case, naughty girls should be spanked.
JOHN BULL.

To AN UNKNOWN WOMAN,
Leicester.

DEAR MADAM,—I know nothing about you except that you were a member of the jury when a young woman named Underwood, charged with infanticide, was acquitted at Leicester Assizes on the instruction of Mr. Justice Greer, and that you asked the judge's permission to give the distressed girl £1. The judge assented, and your noble example was quickly followed by most of the other jurors. For that thoughtful action I beg leave to greet you as a true sister of mercy, and wish you happiness. JOHN BULL.

To T. KNAPTON, Esq.,
Primitive Methodist Preacher, Mansfield, Notts.

SIR,—I address you, not as a celebrity, but as a nonentity of a particularly offensive type. As widely reported in the Press, you recently delivered yourself in public of the following suggestive sentiments: "Evils stalk abroad to-day on every hand; you even see nude models in shop windows. I also see indecent pictures on the hoardings." If you really see these things and they cause you offence you had better pluck your eyes out, for it is evident that you have a very nasty mind, which will require a lot of purging before you are fit for decent company. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. GEORGE H. BRETON,
Shaftesbury Hall, Southwark.

SIR,—You are more brazen than ever. Once again you have had the audacity to launch your annual Holiday Appeal for funds in aid of the Poor Children's Society, of which you are the leading spirit, and which has been constantly exposed in these columns. Your concern is a most unsatisfactory one, and you must laugh at the foolishness of people who will go on giving charitable contributions to it when most of their money is swallowed up in salaries and "expenses." Summer is here. Your Holiday Appeal is in full swing. Are you going to the Continent again this year? JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

POP GOES ANOTHER WEASEL!

Dangers in Food

THE strange case at Wembley, where some fifty people were overcome, presumably as the sequel to eating something that disagreed with them, is a notable reminder of the perils of the food question to which we referred last week.

But the cases where obvious consequences ensue are not the worst. They carry, as it were, their own antidote in the publicity they arouse. The real danger is largely a hidden danger. It is the medicated adulterated food that under-nourishes and lowers the whole vitality of the people.

We see its consequences in the population of our great cities, in pallid, tired workers, in sickly, rickety children, handicapped from birth in the race of life.

Behind them are the ranks of the profiteers building up fortunes on the deliberate and callous deterioration of the race. It is not only the small grasping local manufacturer who is employed in this wicked ramp. Great concerns—standing high in commercial circles, importing on a big scale from abroad and manufacturing on a similar scale at home—are in the murderous ring. We are resolved to break it if we can. We know no task upon which we could embark that promises more moral and material benefit for the people, and particularly for the poor people, who cannot help themselves.

We have called on the Government to do its duty and save the people. We intend to fight this battle until it has been won. We may not be able to evolve a land fit for heroes. We shall do our best to make it a land too hot for food adulterers and profiteers.

Uncle Sam's Cast-offs

UNCLE SAM has a natural idea that he is entitled to be master in his own house. And he has the further notion that he is entitled to be consulted as to the guests whom he chooses to welcome, especially when they come to stay. Nobody can reasonably complain of this attitude or criticise his decision to compel intending immigrants to disclose whether they had previously been to prison.

Uncle Sam cannot complain if we adopt an exactly similar procedure.

It is notorious that American crooks, when the police of the United States make their own country temporarily distasteful to them, cross the Atlantic and transfer their unwelcome activities here. We have been subjected to an invasion for Wembley year.

We don't want the undesirables that America will not certify as good citizens. And we don't want to encourage Uncle Sam to believe, because we favour increased mutual trade, that we have no objection to his exporting his "bad eggs" here.

Men who "See Things" at Night!

DESPITE the ravings of the panic Press, the public realises that our industrial disturbances are not entirely the work of Communists, but are the natural aftermath of the war which uprooted the old order of things.

IT is an acknowledged fact that an atmosphere of tense national excitement stultifies the reason, blinds people to facts and leads to a feverish search for hidden and mysterious motives. Moreover, such an attitude, once induced, dies hard. We were so accustomed to Boloism and the Hidden Hand from 1914 to 1918, that we now find it hard to believe that whatever happens has not a bogey attached to it somewhere.

Bolo is dead, and the Hidden Hand is no longer a power. But the Fat Boys of Fleet Street must have their turnip-headed ghost. How else can they make our flesh creep?

Up with Communism, therefore! Preach the Red Terror at every opportunity! If there is a strike, wherever it may occur and on whatever pretext it occurs, dub it straightway the work of agitators subsidised from Moscow. That there are other and equally salient reasons does not in the least trouble these slaves of the Inky Monster.

The Communists are powerless, bankrupt, and discredited. Even numerically they are negligible. Down and out, they are making a virtue of necessity, and turning to the official Labour Party for help and guidance. Even that arch apostle of Bolshevism, Walton Newbold, sees no hope except in the ranks of the Labour Party.

LET us then cease to be children. Let us face facts. These are in no way hidden. The war put an intolerable strain on an economic system that was already perilously near breaking-point. It broke down, and not all the efforts of politicians can patch it up again.

Industrial unrest, strikes, and the rest are not Communist in their origin. They are symptomatic of a decayed social system, indicative of the futile effort to put back the clock and reconcile irreconcilable elements. The remedy is not a heresy hunt against a non-existent Red Terror but a determined attempt to discover the rotten elements in our social system and substitute foundations made of more enduring stuff.

It is a task that needs the co-operation of the whole nation. The public, employers, and employed are moving in a vicious circle. There is no way out except by boldly *stepping* out. Reconstruction to be effective implies sound foundations. That is why all the tinkering in the world cannot prevent industrial troubles from becoming worse.

A Government that knew its business would leave the symptoms to look after themselves and would attack the cause. They would turn a deaf ear to the fallacious battle-cry of "wages and prices." They would tackle the land problem in earnest, and begin to build from that.

WE have reached the point when trade unionism is massed against the employers in a continual battle. The public is in the position of the civilian population in war time. It suffers all the time. Whichever side wins, it loses. Endeavours to patch and tinker in order to keep the social structure on its old lines are worse than useless.

Men's minds have moved on and the clock cannot be put back. Let us move boldly forward on new lines. Free the land, colonise Britain with the men who fought for her, and above all formulate a comprehensive scheme of social insurance that will remove for ever the nightmare of insecurity from the workers' lives.

Forgotten Sufferers

THE mark of a great country is that it acts greatly and magnanimously, not only to the peoples of other countries, but also to the people of its own. Judged by such a test we are ashamed to say that the Government of this country has in certain respects fallen low.

It has, for example, consistently and scandalously broken the solemn pledges to those who suffered by enemy action outside Germany during the war.

British merchants and manufacturers, whose property was damaged or destroyed, cannot get their money, though in many cases their claims have been lodged for years. Some are on the verge of bankruptcy. They have carried this unfair burden manfully. They have the bitter consolation of knowing that their German competitors are making every effort to secure the world's markets.

A paltry five millions have been paid out—forty-five millions are still owing to those who are carrying on in trade and industry, helping the country to right itself and to drive away the spectre of unemployment.

The matter must not be allowed to drift any longer. The solemn pledges of our Governments must be met. They should not be evaded—merely because they were given to our own people.

Our men and women—and even the adolescents—did their bit for their country in the war. They fought and struggled for freedom and justice. It is shameful and scandalous that the justice they gave so much for should be withheld from them now.

Daylight Robbery

IT is time drastic action was taken against the fraternity of swindlers who make use of the advertisement columns of high-class daily newspapers to wheedle money out of the unsuspecting public.

Over and over again we have warned our readers against the people who offer employment in return for cash security, investment, or deposit. Convictions have been obtained against bogus firms whose advertisements promise "an exceptional opportunity for a young man with small capital," yet certain daily newspapers continue to lend their columns to men whose sole object is fraud.

Surely, for the honour and credit of the newspaper world, some system could be devised to put a stop to the shameless thieving that is going on.

Our post bag bulges with complaints every week. All that is required is a simple enquiry as to the bona fides of the would-be advertiser. Should there be the slightest doubt about an advertisement of this type it should be left out.

Mr. C. T. Cramp, Secretary of the N.U.R., whose union opposed the recent unofficial strike of London Tube workers.

The Villain with the Lighted Match

by A. G. GARDINER

THE Prime Minister must come off the fence, declares A.G.G. He cannot hob-nob with Communism inside the House and disown its works outside. He must disown Leninism or be regarded as the figure-head of the wild men who are making the existing basis of society impossible.

WHEN the Labour Government came in, most of us, I imagine, assumed that, whatever else happened, we might expect to have a quieter time in the industrial world. We thought that one of the chief causes of industrial unrest was the suspicion that prevailed in the Labour ranks that Parliament was the instrument of property.

We have been painfully disillusioned. Things are not better under a Labour Government. They are manifestly worse. London has never had such a miserable time in its history as during the past six months. Twice it has been taken by the throat and maltreated as mercilessly as by a footpad. All the mechanism of movement by which this vast mass of humanity keeps the blood of its life circulating has been paralysed, in the last case without a moment's warning.

There is no pretence of argument or reasonableness in the matter. It is war. It is as if society is in the presence of a man with a lighted match standing over a powder magazine and threatening to blow it into eternity unless it makes him king. We may, in panic, concede his terms to-day, but if we do he will repeat the operation to-morrow or next month, with a new set of terms, and we shall be in a worse case than before. We are not dealing here with honest working men with real grievances that they want redressed. We are dealing with wreckers who are using their power to overthrow society. Their aim is to force a situation in this country in which we shall be driven to make the choice between Lenin and Mussolini.

WHERE does the Labour Government stand in regard to this incendiary movement? Where does Trade Unionism stand? I am convinced that neither the Labour Party as a political body nor Trade Unionism as an industrial body is in any serious measure infected with Communism. It would be strange if they were, especially at a time when they have just discovered that they can capture and control the government of the country and pursue their aims by Parliamentary means. Why should they want a revolution when they have got all the power they can have without a revolution?

BUT if Mr. MacDonald and the Trade Unionists are to command public confidence they must have a clean cut with the Communists and declare war on their incendiary propaganda. At present that propaganda derives its strength from the fact that it is carried on under the Labour umbrella. Mr. MacDonald is not a Communist himself, and there is not a Communist among his principal colleagues. There is hardly even an orthodox Socialist among them. They are just ordinary, old-fashioned Radicals.

But attached to them there is a Communist tail which Mr. MacDonald has not the power to control nor the courage to disown. He glowers at his natural allies, the Liberals, and fights them tooth and nail in the constituencies, but the revolutionaries in his Party, whose openly proclaimed policy is to blow up the whole constitutional system of society, he smiles on.

While the Labour Party is conducted on this fraudulent basis it cannot be acquitted of responsibility for the brutalities with which the revolutionary tail is attacking the life of the community. Until Mr. MacDonald dissociates his Party from the Communist alliance, and has the courage to face the open hostility of the Glasgow group, he obviously cannot protect the interests of the public against the Communists outside. He is at present attempting to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, and the thing cannot be done.

EITHER the Labour movement means the sort of social war that has paralysed London in the past weeks, or it does not; and it is time that Mr. MacDonald in the name of his Government and his Party, made his position clear. He cannot hob-nob with Communism inside the House and disclaim its works outside. He must come off the fence. He must disown Leninism and fight it, or be regarded as the figure-head of the wild men who are sabotaging the machine of existence in order to make the existing basis of society impossible.

And Trade Unionism, too, must make up its mind that it has to fight Communism or be involved with it. There is no middle way in the matter. I rejoice to see that Mr. Cramp realises the enormous gravity of the position, and has nailed his colours to the mast with resounding hammer strokes. And I rejoice to see that as a result the incendiaries have collapsed. Trade Unionism needs a cool head and a clear vision. There is working in its midst a powerful propaganda of a purely disruptive sort. Its frank object is revolution. It is able, it is tireless, it is profoundly dangerous. It uses key industries, like the control of transport and electric power, for its aims, for by these means it can cut the jugular of society easily, and with few men. It does not represent the normal working man. How, indeed, can the weaver of Lancashire or the shipwright on the Tyne be benefited by such proceedings as those of the past two weeks in London? They cannot hold up society: they can only suffer from the work of the bandits.

EVERY interest of Trade Unionism is bound up with the support of an ordered society and constitutional Government. Its most dangerous enemy is the anarchic Communism which is working in its midst. For if this country is driven to make a choice between the gospel of Lenin and the gospel of Mussolini, one thing is certain—Trade Unionism will be crushed in the process. Neither Trotzsky nor Mussolini has any use for trade unions.

If life is to be tolerable or even possible to us, we must protect the machine of existence against this recurrent sabotage. Society must be organised for its own defence. Why should we not have a Council of all Parties and all interests constantly sitting to deal with all industrial disputes as they arise, and before they arise? Let Tories and Liberals, Capital and Labour, Trade Unions and the Consumer be equally represented, and let it be their business to inform the public of the facts and take measures to prevent these miserable conflicts which benefit nobody and ruin all.

We want neither Leninism nor Mussolinism in this country, but if we are to prevent these hateful alternatives we must enable the existing system to function, and fight those who are determined that it shall not function.

How many men get drunk because there is nothing else to do?

A Pill for

Lord Lamington, who is endeavouring to improve and brighten our public-houses.

THOSE who do the cause of true Temperance the greatest disservice select the worst public-house they know, and persist in regarding it as typical of all public-houses. They speak of buildings with low ceilings and lower morality; of smoke-filled, stuffy rooms where only the contents of pewter-pots are consumed.

Of some public-houses this may not be an overdrawn picture. If is of no use blinking the fact that many of such exist, and because their condition is as it is, they only attract the worst type of person. But my contention is that this should not be: a public-house should attract all—a place where both the poorest and the more comfortable can take their families.

To this end I am directing my "Public-house Improvement Bill," a measure which is true temperance reform. Its object is to encourage brighter public-houses, and to make them centres for family meetings.

The model house that I have in mind is one where people away from home on business or pleasure can find a resting-place, where they can transact business, keep appointments, and pass leisure hours in warmth, light, and comfort and with suitable amusements. Food must be obtainable, and drink, both fermented beverages, "soft" drinks and tea or coffee.

On this common basis a varied number of houses can be built up which would be socially useful, proper for both sexes. The variations to this common basis would be left to the enterprise and imagination of the proprietors: some would make music their speciality; others, indoor games; others, outdoor amusements. My scheme includes the award of an "Improved Public-house Certificate," which can only be secured—with its accompanying advantages—by the exercise of more imagination and intelligent application to duty. This provides landlords with the incentive to develop the house.

There are, of course, captious critics who quibble over my Bill and split fine hairs on the

Your Daily Dose of Dope

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(*Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.*)

WE have lost the sense of fear, says our contributor, blaming the scare-mongering Press for our apathy. The future is dark and ominous, and for the rising generations of Britons there looms ahead a trail of barren years. And our Government sits by and does nothing!

THE Harmsworth Press in its earlier years committed many sins against the civilisation of man's soul. Its whole force, one might almost say, was spent in degrading the human mind. It despised the educated; it exploited the ignorant.

Perhaps the greatest of its sins, or at any rate the most costly for this generation, was the wanton way in which it used the weapon of alarm. It cried "Wolf!" so often and so unpardonably that people came to laugh at it. It cried "Fire!" so repeatedly and so unreasonably that men refused at last to insure their houses. Fires were regarded as accidents of the Middle Ages, wolves as creatures only to be found in ante-diluvian slime. The very name of Harmsworth became a joke. One of its chief papers was dubbed the *Daily Scare*. The nation became proof against all warnings.

But is it not true to say that a nation which has lost the sense of fear is a nation walking blindfolded in a world of many dangers? Fear is one of the greatest and strongest of human instincts. It is highly developed in all the most intelligent animals and birds. It is the mark of a keen brain, and a nervous system in perfect working order. It is one of life's most vital safeguards. The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom; the fear of destruction is the beginning of safety.

I BELIEVE that we have lost this sense of fear. It seems to me that a sensational Press has destroyed in us this natural and saving instinct, and that we are in danger of destruction chiefly because we do not in the least fear the possibility of being destroyed. The wolf is crossing our threshold, but we cannot see it. The flames are coming through the floor, but we cannot feel them. During the last few weeks I have been discussing with some of the greatest men in the country the present economic condition of the world and the future prospects of British industry. I have not found one among them who is an optimist. Everyone, without exception, declares that things are getting worse, not better, and that 1925 will be a year of the severest trial for this country, worse than anything we have yet experienced. They give me solid reasons for this opinion. They are men who know the facts. They are men who do not use strong words wildly.

WHO will believe them? Is there any considerable body of the nation who will care a toss for their opinion? Am I not right in thinking that Lord Weir might go from one end of the country to the other, warning the nation of this great peril ahead of it, without producing the smallest change in its temper? We have got our eyes shut and our ears stopped. We don't want to be bothered. "Alfred Harmsworth is dead; for God's sake do not revive him."

But what does it mean for us, this scepticism concerning danger? Two letters lie on my desk, one in the handwriting of a scholar, the other in the handwriting of a labourer. They tell the same tale in different ways. The scholar writes to me of his only son, the labourer of his many sons. The scholar's son is a boy who has won brilliant scientific successes at two Universities, Cambridge and London; he is tramping up and down the country in search of work, and nobody wants him. The labourer tells me that he stands over the beds of his younger sons praying God to give them hope and to save them from the heartbreaking misery of their older brothers, who have now abandoned the despairing job of seeking work.

Lord Rothermere, who as brother to Lord Northcliffe, has carried on the work of the Harmsworth Press criticised here.

This is what it means for us, our scepticism concerning danger. It means that the best of our boys are having their hearts broken, and that second-rate boys who might have become useful citizens under the discipline of work are drifting into dangerous courses. It means that the finest fathers and mothers in the country are little better off, for all their self-sacrifice and devotion, than the fathers and mothers who let their children go to the devil as soon as they could toddle. It means that the youth of the country is without hope and without faith.

It means that the new generation of Britons will be an embittered, a cynical and an untrained generation. Last year 20,000 of our skilled craftsmen went to the United States to find work.

IS there in such a prospect as this no occasion for alarm? Things are getting worse, not for middle-aged people or for old people, but for young people, the people who will have to carry on when we are gone. Surely, no man who cares for truth will say that such a state of things calls for nothing but patience and placidity?

I can see no sign that the Government is using its vast powers to set our house in order. Ministers appear to be bound hand and foot by Zaghul in Egypt, Bolsheviks in Russia, rebels in Ireland. The roof is falling in, and the remedy is Votes for Girls.

Nowhere in the world can I see the hand of Britain grasping firmly the nettle of danger. Little Norway arrests its leading Communist and the Chairman of its Labour Party, tries them for "insurrectionary propaganda," and sends them to prison.

In Britain, men taking the wages of Moscow, and traitorously rebelling against their own trade unions, are allowed to play what havoc they like with the public comfort, and to preach open war against Capitalism, without any punitive action on the part of Government. The Minister for Health wants to build houses for the working classes, is opposed by one sheltered and protected section of those classes, and shakes a sad head over this inconvenient difficulty.

I BLAME the Opposition as severely as I blame the Government; but most of all I blame the Press, which has enriched itself by sensationalism of the most sordid and contemptible nature, and has sown in the public mind a cynical disbelief in all true warnings and in all real dangers.

It is high time we shook off the narcotic effects of the Harmsworth dope and saw ourselves and the rest of the world in the light of sober truth and honest reason.

We are going downhill, and next year our position may be precarious.

If we would make the future safe for the youth of this country, we must create in Britain a much more vigorous and intelligent public opinion. A nation that is always yawning will have a Government which is half asleep

for Pussyfoot

by LORD LAMINGTON, G.C.M.G.

question of whether dancing should be excluded and whist drives included. And all the time the average man remains inarticulate, while the protagonists forget that the main idea of my scheme is to brighten the lives of those who are "cribbed, cabin'd and confined" in small homes.

There are in this country 82,054 public-houses in the hands of private traders, and the problem is how to obtain their transformation so that the people benefit. My scheme helps to solve this. But in the meantime the State can assist by amending its heavy, unnecessary and often harmful burden of regulations that only serve to break the back of the best-spirited licensee.

However, even in the face of State irritation and "reformers'" castigations, some brewing concerns have expended time and money in improving their houses in poor districts. And the significant point to note is that drunkenness is practically unknown at these brighter houses. That must be the inevitable result of an improvement in the quality of the house. Men do not make beasts of themselves because it is natural: *it would be interesting to discover how many men get drunk because there is nothing else to do.*

The argument that the brewers' only object is to sell their beer is countered by the fact that they make a greater profit in the sale of "soft" drinks.

Temperance is an individual matter. It is something outside of rules and regulations because it is relative—what is one man's meat is another's poison: what has no effect on one man puts another "under the table." Some men can drink beer with impunity, while with others a single brandy-and-soda goes to their heads.

Every liberal-minded person will repudiate the idea that the State should have any voice in what a man should eat, drink, or be amused by. The State can only step in when a man oversteps the frontiers of public decency or invades the rights of society. That is why the State is right in punishing public drunkenness. But the question of what private pleasures a man indulges in must be settled by himself.

The human needs of men crave to be satisfied: people want brightness and refreshment; warmth and recreation. It is far better to supply these demands in well-lighted, comfortable and healthful houses of public refreshment than in the murky public-houses that now abound.

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The hundreds of settlers who in recent years turned to South African farming, are in the main successfully establishing themselves. Many have already attractive rural homes. Most of them find the life congenial and the prospect hopeful.

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Full particulars may be obtained from the Publicity Agent, Office of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2.

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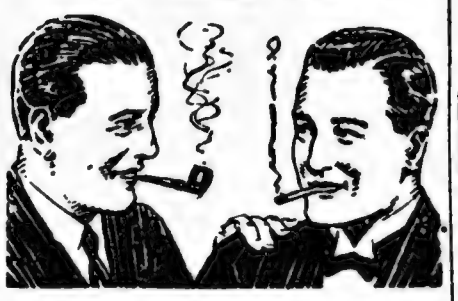
"The Sunripe Twins"



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SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

FEW politicians have been so pedestalled with praise and bespattered with abuse as Lord Haldane. In writing about him most people take one of two courses: they either sneer at him for claiming Germany as his spiritual home, or glorify him as the sole creator of our Territorial Force. I propose to take neither of these courses, because the truth is not quite so simple.

The really important thing to grasp at the outset is that Haldane was probably the first person in England to understand the Einstein theory. This single fact reveals him to us as nothing else can. He is far more interested in things than in men. Give him a theory, an abstraction, and he's happy. His face lights up and he talks away for hours with gusto. But give him a tangible human problem and he's lost—or, at any rate, he quickly gets away from the heart of the matter and begins to philosophise airily on a hundred aspects of the question of no concrete value whatever.

WHEN he called Germany his spiritual home he was talking bunkum. He hasn't got a spiritual home. He only has a mental home—and after reading some of his speeches one is inclined to wonder why he doesn't stay there!

Gifted by Nature with immense energy and with the painstaking industry of a beetle, he has read more solid (*very* solid) literature than any public man in this country. For years he immersed himself in metaphysics. The knowledge he acquired was so vast that it would have caused the death or insanity of an ordinary human being. But it merely spurred him to greater endeavours; and he is now a perambulating bureau of information on every subject under the sun for which the average individual hasn't the smallest use.

IN 1906 he tore himself away from the German philosophers and tried to deal with the German scare. But he was saddled with that Old Man of the Sea called the Liberal Party and its vote-catching cry of Retrenchment. Did he lose heart? Not he! One doesn't study German philosophy for nothing. He began to make speeches in the House. *Such* speeches! Speeches that, once heard, were never remembered. Prosy, vague, drifting, desultory speeches—enormously long, appallingly delivered, and utterly unintelligible.

Rather than risk more speeches, rather than oppose such a barrage of words, the Liberals braved the fury of their constituents and begged Haldane to do just as he pleased—on condition that he didn't explain what he was doing! The result was the Territorial Force (not altogether his own idea) which saved us at a crucial moment in our history.

VISCOUNT HALDANE, F.R.S., K.T., O.M.

HALDANE hated the War Office and longed for the Woolsack. He got there at last, and has recently got there again. He is quite at home on it, very conscientious, though at times painfully reminiscent. He still makes long speeches to gain a point, but the point is never mentioned in the speeches.

And we must not be ungrateful to the German writers who have taught him to say nothing at such great length—for without their kindly influence we might never have won the war against Germany.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

A Jolt for Jones

by HARRISON OWEN

"FORGING and uttering counterfeit verbal coinage" was the charge against D. B. Jones, of the National Federation of Colliery Enginemen and Mechanics.

"I seem to have heard the surname previously," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "but I'm afraid I am not acquainted with the gentleman."

"I am not surprised at that, m'lud," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "for action is sometimes taken against a nonentity. This accounts for the present proceedings. The offence was committed by Jones in the course of his presidential address to his union, when he referred to a 'one-time fiery representative of the proletariat who has been falling over himself to play golf with a real live duke,' quoting this as an example of the 'hypocrisy' which, he says, 'is one of the most damnable features of public life.'

"Whether the accused considers that Mr. Frank Hodges (the subject of his attack) is a hypocrite because he plays golf, or because he played one game with the Duke of York, I am unable to say; but hypocrisy may fairly be charged against a trade, or rather 'tirade,' unionist who counterfeits indignation in connection with a matter such as this, which has nothing whatever to do with the programme of the Labour Party or the ethics of trade unionism. Super-snobs like the accused seem to imagine that the housing problem would automatically be solved if Labour Ministers made a point of keeping their hats on when the National Anthem is played, and that if they would but go to Buckingham Palace in corduroys and with red handkerchiefs in lieu of collars, unemployment would at once come to an end."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, in defence, explained that although his client had nothing against the Duke of York personally, he contended that in a democracy dukes were an anachronism. Court dress and golf might be right enough for the gilded members of the Carlton Club, but not for representatives of the toiling masses. There were no real links—not even golf links—between the aristocracy and the proletariat.

The foreman announced that the jury's verdict was "Bosh," and, correcting himself hastily, remarked: "Er—I mean to say, 'Guilty.'"

"Doubtless the Duke of York will experience a feeling of overwhelming relief when he knows that Mr. Jones has nothing against him personally," said Mr. Justice Bull; "but when counsel suggests that there can be nothing in common between the aristocracy and the proletariat, I would remind him that they have in common the fact that they belong to the same country, while in many cases they lived in the same dug-outs, shared the same bully beef and belonged to the same union—the National Association of Service and Sacrifice.

"The prisoner is evidently one of those giants of democratic rectitude who go through life exclaiming 'Fee, fie, fo, fum! I smell the blood of blackleg scum!' every time a Labour member associates with someone guilty of wearing spats or plus-fours and fails to prove the sincerity of his political convictions by spitting on the spats or singing a Hymn of Hate at the plus-fours.

"The sentence of the court is that prisoner shall act as caddie, without payment, to Mr. Hodges from now until the dawn of the millennium or the arrival of summer, whichever period shall prove the longer."

TRAGEDY OF THE CREAM-PUFFS

by ROBERT HOLMES (*the well-known Police Court Missionary and author of "Them that Fall"*)

IN this further article on juvenile delinquents, the famous Police Court Missionary tells some delightfully sympathetic stories of lads who have longed to work out their salvation on the high seas. The rough, healthy life of the sailor has invariably effected a cure in the youthful adventurers.

ANY erring youngsters have passed through my hands, and not a few of these have finally taken to the sea as a career, there gaining the manhood their slothful youth might have prevented them securing. I like to think of those boys who have thus made good.

* * *

A Rebel Against Society

Peter's parents had drifted apart. His father ignored his existence. The man who had taken his father's place was "Our Bill" to Peter, who usually termed his mother "Our Jane." It will be gathered from this that Peter grew up somewhat ill-disciplined.

Nobody took the trouble to get him a job when he left school. He assisted a company of idle lads to kill time, and his home was such that when he failed to come in at night, which was not seldom, he was scarcely missed.

By the time he was seventeen years old he had made eleven appearances before a bench, and was known as the leader of a band of idle and mischievous youths who relieved the monotony of country walks by throwing stones at insulators on telegraph poles, or purloining eggs or growing fruit, or dropping bricks from a bridge across a railway, to the danger of folk aboard passing trains.

His appearance was not prepossessing. The magistrate who told him, "You seem determined to become a rebel against society," had good grounds for that conclusion if surly and defiant looks meant anything, and a day came when he escaped a term of imprisonment only because he expressed a desire to go to sea.

Not wanted in the Navy, he worried me every alternate day with petitions for a berth in the mercantile marine In vain I warned him that he would find plenty of work under a strict master, with a good deal else that he was not used to, and that petty pilfering and horseplay would not be tolerated where he had set his heart on going; he insisted that once he got to sea he would be "all right."

He was nearer the truth than he might have been, though what constitutes being "all right" is capable of various interpretations. When he wrote from the tramp steamer on which he was given a berth as a coal-trimmer he did not seem in a particularly cheerful mood.

"I often think," was his melancholy confession, "what a fool I was to bother you so much to get me a ship. I'm not grumbling, and I don't blame you. You told me as I shouldn't find everything to my mind. And you were right. If I'd known half then what I know now I should have done different.

"Fancy me bothering you two or three times every week till I got what I wanted; and I wanted this lot! Well, shows how big a fool I am to be slaving here instead of at home. I came to please myself, and I'm making the best of it.

"You can't do nothing else with this captain. He's thick. He says that the worst of chaps you send him is that he's got to begin at the beginning, and teach us what a grand thing work is for passing time on pleasant like.

"And he sets about his teaching all right, I can tell you. You can't get away from him neither, only by jumping overboard. When he wants to 'twank' you for anything, he's got you set."

Yet when that voyage was over he sailed again with the same skipper of his own free will!

* * *

The Exploits of Billy

Billy, another youth who showed equal persistence in seeking a berth at sea, came of different stock. His home was as clean and comfortable as one could wish for. His father, a steady workman who had served the same employer since leaving school, and his mother, who went to a situation at fifteen years old, and kept it till she married at twenty-five, tried their utmost to train him to a life of industry. It puzzled as well as grieved them to realise that he had passed his sixteenth birthday without managing to keep any situation longer than five weeks.

It was not altogether Billy's fault. He never relinquished a situation voluntarily. Masters failed to appreciate his peculiar genius. Also he was unfortunate in other ways. For example, he started merrily as a confectioner's errand-boy. A good-tempered wrestling-bout with a butcher's boy saw both lad's baskets overturned in the gutter.

The butcher's boy picked the chops and steaks from the dust, washed them at a convenient water-tap, delivered the goods, and there was an end. Billy wiped jam tarts and cream puffs with his handkerchief, took a world of trouble in attempting to pat them back to their original shape, then lost his job because customers vexed his employer with complaints.

A tailor gave him his next berth. When he placed a suit of clothing on a wall so as to test the speed of a bicycle borrowed from a telegraph messenger getting his lunch, how was he to know that a thief would bear the parcel off in his absence? Billy thought it hard to be dismissed for that.

Coming into my hands, he joined the staff of a property-repairer in a small way of business. No other lad being employed there, he made fun at the expense of an irritable old bricklayer whom he was supposed to assist. It was pleasant to watch the old man hunt for tools which he had hidden, besides lightening the day's work tremendously. But the job took an unconscionably long time, the property repairer looked into things, and, within three weeks, had Billy to spare.

It did not dawn on the lad till long after it had become painfully evident

Mr. Robert Holmes.

to me that no competition existed among employers for his services. When he made the discovery, and suggested trying his luck at sea, it was, perhaps, only natural that he should imagine the difficulty I found in securing a berth for him to be due to the fact that his character was known; whereas it was simply that more boys desire to go to sea than there is room for.

He came every day, begging hard that I would say the best I could of him, assuring me that he would do all he could to merit confidence. Getting his heart's desire at last, he describes his early experiences of a schooner as follows:

"I was all right, first day or two; and I wasn't half proud when they said I was the best sailor for a young 'un as they'd seen for a long while. Then I made a fool of myself. I'd no cigs., and when a sailor offered me an old pipe and a bit of baccy, I'd no more sense than to take it on. It was that what started me more than the ship rolling. My word, but I was bad!

"I thought I should have no life left. I never expected to see home any more. And there wasn't much pity for me neither. Captain had me back at work before I was as strong as a cupful of cold water. He said as a bit of exercise would soon cure all there was the matter with me, as well as keep me out of mischief."

Apparently, it did, for subsequent letters told of robust health and keen interest in routine duties. "He's a bit of a pickle yet," the skipper reported after six months; "as full of play as a kitten, but all right now he's steadied down, as most pickles are. A lad isn't much use unless he's some devilment in him."

* * *

High Jinks Down the Mine

It puzzled me to know whether idleness or devilment was responsible for a big, pleasant-faced youth named Tommy failing to keep the situations I found him. After a brief experience of work in a coal-mine he was returned to me as an impossible person to employ there. Having wrought havoc in the mine, while endangering the lives of workmen by tampering with an electric switch, he narrowly escaped being brought before a court on a charge of doing wilful and malicious damage.

Pit work being easier to obtain than anything else, I got him a start at another colliery. There he contrived to start a train of loaded wagons before the line was clear, causing a tremendous upset, and back he came to me again.

As he had tested the pleasures of the dole, I began to wonder whether he seriously intended to work so long as his mother would provide meals and the taxpayer pocket-money. In the long run a skipper took him in hand. Presently he wrote a letter from a distant port, from which I extract these lines:

"It's been a hot summer in England by what they say, but where we've been we've had it so sweltering that many a time you couldn't breathe. I expect captain told you what happened at Malta. I was fair done up, and having a sleep, when he copped me. I ought to have been polishing brasses.

"He woke me up. Then he says, 'So that's your game, is it? I reckon you've drawn the dole till it comes natural to expect to be paid for sleepin'. Well, you're at the wrong shop for that here. Any money what's paid on this ship for doin' nowt, it's captain's.'

"Well, I want you to know as we're friends now, captain and me. He says I'm shapin' fine, and he'll make a sailor of me yet. I'm glad I came, for it's a grand life. I wish every lad of my stamp could have a year or two at it."

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

A Faithful Friend

"MY closest friend emigrated to Canada. He had no prospect here, and took this step with the agreement of the young lady he was courting. He hoped to be well on the way to prosperity in three years, and at the end of this period he intended to come home for a spell. The young lady was quite willing to wait for him, but he asked me if I would mind keeping her company in his absence, as she was rather lonely. I have done this.

"He has not done nearly so well as he expected and gives no sign of returning home, though he is still warmly attached to the young lady. On the other hand, the girl is rather tired of waiting, and has told me if I hadn't gone about with her she should have found someone else.

"This is hard lines on me, as I am anxious to pay my attentions in another direction, which would mean him losing her. If I don't look after my own chance, I stand to lose it, while I think if the girl cannot wait for him, she'd be no loss. But I must do the right thing by him, and in order not to let myself be prejudiced by my own inclinations, I put it to your impartial judgment. What is my duty?"

"Humanist" says: *You have done your duty for three years as you promised. Now write to your friend in Canada and ask to be released from your promise. The new circumstances justify you in doing so. That they should part may probably now be the best thing for all.*

Unwanted Father

"WHEN at sixty-seven years of age a man is not only neglected, but is robbed and left almost penniless by the children he has so willingly helped, his lot is indeed a hard one, but that is the cruel experience that I am going through. Fifteen years ago I was a tea-merchant with a good income accruing from property and plant valued at £20,000. My wife then died, leaving a family of three sons and two daughters, all married, and from the day of her death I had lavish attention paid to me at all their homes, where I was made to feel very welcome whenever I stayed with them after our bereavement.

"I consequently took up my residence with each in turn, and it was during these visits that it was suggested that I should do wisely if I realised on my assets and made over the proceeds to them, who, of course, all knew that my will made equal provision for my five children on the occasion of my death. They urged that by sharing out at once, instead of this being delayed till my demise, excessive death duty payments would be avoided.

"To my lasting regret I did as I was asked, and now that the wealth is no longer at my command, their care has turned to an attitude which indicates plainly that I am a nuisance in the homes where I was formerly so welcome.

"I trusted them—so far that I left myself without means, and now they grudge the little money and clothing which my needs require. Could you help me in my misery?

"It is hard that in the evening of my life I should be thus deserted by the selfishness of my own children. What a fool I was to listen to their evil advice!"

"Humanist" says: *You have been very foolish and are deeply to be sympathised with, not only in the loss of your money but in King Lear's unhappiness: how much more sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child. All yours are thankless. If you go to the workhouse they must pay. I hope, however, you won't have to do this.*

A Crook Reformed

"BEFORE the war I was a crook connected with a fashionably dressed gang, and in 1915 I was serving my second long sentence of imprisonment — one of three years. On being freed at the end of my term I joined the forces and was ultimately sent abroad. After seeing service in the East I was transferred to France, where I won the D.C.M. and M.M. and rose to the rank of lieutenant. It was while I was at home in hospital through wounds that I met my wife, the daughter of a rich retired shipowner now dead.

"We have always been very happy together since our marriage in 1918, and she has not the slightest suspicion of my past. But the last two years have been very miserable ones for me, for bad trade caused me to lose my post secured on demobilisation, and I have been compelled to rely entirely on my wife's private means to keep our home going.

"I have become very depressed by this state of utter dependence on her, and feel at times greatly tempted to resort to my old easy means of livelihood, a step which in my happier and saner hours I would not think of taking. Could you give any cheering advice which will carry me over till the good times come again?"

"Humanist" says: *Yes. Don't talk nonsense about your old easy livelihood, which gave you two long sentences of imprisonment. You are no fool. You know that the life of crime is the high road to misery—much greater, much more cruel, to yourself and others, than your present temporary unhappiness. Cheer up! You have made good. Don't throw yourself down now, when you have won the victory. There are D.C.M.s and M.M.s to be won in civil life too. Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.*

Food or Drink

"SOME time ago I met with an accident under circumstances which prevent me from obtaining any compensation and which have deprived me of my situation. I have sought in vain for some kind of employment, making widely known my misfortune to the temperance organisation of which I am a member.

"The committee of a working man's club, where intoxicating drinks are sold, waited upon me to know if I would accept the position of secretary and barman. Being taken somewhat by surprise I did not immediately jump at the offer, but placed the matter before the pastor of the church to which I belong.

"Although I have sold and pawned all that can possibly be spared from the house, in order to provide for the family, the minister (a temperance man himself) tells me that I would be doing a very wrong thing to accept the situation, and says 'Trust in God and all will come right.'

"What would you advise? For myself, I feel prepared (after seeing the destitution in my house) to accept the offer, as I believe that although I may lose the respect of the temperance party and the church, I shall at least be able to command the respect of the people who will be finding my family the necessaries of life."

"Humanist" says: *I cannot bring myself to say that you should let your wife and children starve so that you may retain, as a compensation for their agony, the good opinion of a no doubt very worthy minister. I am sure the minister means well, and it may be very painful to him to give this advice. But don't let your kiddies starve because the working-man likes a glass of beer in his club.*

Married Admirer

"I HAVE been going out now for months with a man whose father keeps a large shop near our place, and I have grown very fond of him. Now, because I would not go any further than just honestly going out with him, he has told me he is a married man with a child or two, and he has shown me the letters his wife sends him. His marriage is a close secret; it was a forced marriage, and so he married and sent her up north.

"It was a great blow to me, Humanist, who always liked people to think me a respectable girl. What would you advise me to do? Not recognise him when I see him (as I do every day), or still be friendly? I have stopped going out with him."

"Humanist" says: *You have stopped going out with him—I do not think you need cause a local scandal by refusing to recognise him. Keep him at a distance: he is not a suitable friend for you.*

The Erring Fiance.

"My fiancé, all right when he drinks beer, goes half mad when he takes whisky, and insults me and my friends. Should I break the engagement?"

If he insults you and your friends, for whatever reason, you can break the engagement. I should think he needs a lesson.

A Widow's Might.

"Our boy—aged twenty—is under the influence of a widow of forty, who keeps the local inn. She takes him about, paying all expenses. Can I stop it?"

Not very easily, unless you can influence him to a more prudent course of conduct. As a rule, unequal affairs of this kind do not last long.

The Sailor's Life.

"My boy, a sailor apprentice, is left ashore for months after each voyage—to give other apprentices a chance of putting in their sea time. Can I protest?"

Yes, but there are so many ships laid up that it is hard to give all the boys an equal chance. Happily things are getting better in that great profession.

England or France?

"How does the cost of living to-day compare in France with England? Is the housing problem as acute there?"

The cost of living is very high for the French people—but cheaper than here if you pay with English money, at present Exchange rates. The housing shortage is not so acute as in England.

Death-ray Again.

"My brother, a clever chemist, believes that he has invented a death-ray. How should he go about selling it? Would it be wrong of him to sell it abroad?"

If he has invented something that will save English women and children in war I should think less of him if he sold it abroad. Write to the Air Ministry about it.

The Plaint of the Actress.

"I am a young and successful actress, and believe in my profession. I have just missed an engagement because another girl, a 'friend' of the manager, has been preferred to me."

It is hard lines on you—and your case, I am sorry to say, is not isolated. Keep up your courage, and you will win through in the end. Favouritism in the long run will not beat talent.

The Colour Problem.

"My daughter has fallen in love with a West African she met at Wembley. He says his relatives are kings in the Black Continent—and he is a British citizen."

Prevent a marriage if you can. You are not obliged to marry your daughter to a negro because he is a British citizen. That is no guarantee, apart from the question of colour and race, that he will make a good or suitable husband.

A Wife's Preference.

"My wife, who loves the country, refuses to live in town, as I must. Need I support her? She is the best in the world, but very self-willed and obstinate."

A wife's place is by her husband's side. Try to compromise by living in the outer suburbs. You know the story of the husband who wanted the dining-room red, and the wife who wanted it green. So they compromised—on green. But they lived happily ever afterwards.

Dishonest Employer.

"My employer, who runs a news-distributing agency, systematically charges his customers small amounts they do not owe. I have to put these in the accounts. Sometimes they are struck out by the customer, but usually they are paid. Ought I to lend myself to this procedure? He says it is his margin of profit, to enable him to face competition and keep me in my job."

He is a liar and a thief. And his customers are fools. Leave him and get employment with a decent firm. You will never make a career in the employment of a rogue.

Words Winged to Women

School Children 'Policed'

by MABEL HORNER

THE Minister of Education has made a confession. He declares it impossible for the Board to carry out any great developments unless the public understand and approve. And the most important part of the public, when the child is under discussion, is the mothers.

Mothers must wake up! They must set to work to find out what this compulsory education really means.

The official facts are disconcerting. In spite of medical aids of various kinds "35 per cent. of the children who enter school at five years of age bring with them physical defects and the seeds of disease which give them a very bad start."

In these cases poverty, bad housing, lack of sunshine, fresh air, and good food have had the first innings. But the child ought not to suffer for our shocking social conditions, and the provision of nursery schools would be a golden specific to remedy a great deal that is wrong.

There is needed a tremendous increase of special schools for children who are slightly defective and dull. These require individual care. Under favourable conditions they will become useful citizens. Yet at least one hundred and sixty-four thousand such children are in our elementary schools, learning practically nothing.

It is futile and cruel. It is not economy. It is idiotic waste.

FURTHER, we need more open-air schools and class-rooms. The sight of a tuberculous child in the midst of a highly civilised community is a disgrace. Sunshine should not be dealt out to town children as though it cost so much per pint. There are open spaces and parks in every place. When climate permits, classes should be taken there.

All classes in elementary schools are too large. Teachers are too few. Every mother knows the difficulty of keeping two or three children happy and in order. It is not fair either to teacher or child that any one man or woman should be expected to keep in order, and teach at the same time, a class of fifty or sixty active eager youngsters. A great educationist has said that the teacher in such a case "becomes a policeman, gesticulating in front of a crowd, which is compelled under legal penalties to assist at the performance."

No wonder that after such "schooling" parents are so often disappointed in the results. No wonder that many a youthful genius, unless possessed of superhuman force of character, remains one of the mob, undiscovered.

LASTLY, mothers must remember that elementary or primary schools are really schools in preparation for some higher system of education. Yet, for economic reasons, it is the stage at which the school education of most children perforce stops. A few, a very few children make good by means of scholarships. At great sacrifice of the parents mostly, the few proceed to the secondary school, and a still smaller percentage reaches one or other of the Universities.

Who knows how much national waste occurs by this arbitrary arrangement of who shall and who shall not be fully educated? What loss of statesmen, artists, poets, inventors in the making? In a properly organised State the broad highway to the topmost pinnacle of education would be free and open for every child by reason of his common citizenship.

This is the ideal that many of the foremost educationists have set before them. Mothers may help to see it materialised. Mothers are enfranchised. They can send to power those who have the children's welfare at heart. They can dismiss from office those who fail. Let us make a land fit for children to live in. There is no excuse to let things drift.

Where Danger Lurks

BEHIND many of the smaller advertisements in the daily Press danger lurks. Those advertisements which carry no name or address, but which bear only a box number, should be specially watched.

Week after week our columns show how easily people can lose their money by entrusting it to shady firms who wheedle it out of them on some pretext or other.

Be wise in your generation. When you receive a dubious reply write to JOHN BULL about it before parting with your money. It is better to be safe than sorry!

Our Free Advice Service answers questions on every subject under the sun. We have saved our readers thousands of pounds through this medium, and we shall save thousands more.

Let's help *you*.

It does not matter what your problem is—Finance, Business, Sport, Domestic, Love, Law, Ex-Service, Pensions, Wireless, etc.—we have an expert who will reply to you promptly and sympathetically.

All replies are sent through the post, and are therefore confidential. They are sent in plain, sealed envelopes. We make no charge for the Service, asking only that you enclose a stamped addressed envelope for our reply.

Everybody is trying to get something for nothing these days. Don't let other people live on your folly!

BEFORE buying or selling shares write to our Advice Service. Before disposing of your business; before sending money to a doubtful advertisement; before taking any steps in the law; before clinching an argument; before doing anything risky; in fact—write to JOHN BULL about it!

We've a special staff waiting to help you with all your problems and worries. Their *free* service is at your command whenever you wish.

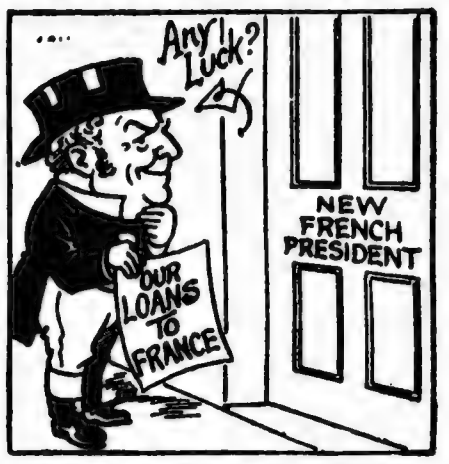
Keep them busy! Write to JOHN BULL about your problems, and be glad, not sad!

Keep out of danger! Keep out of trouble! Let's help to make things pleasant for you

CARTOONETTES

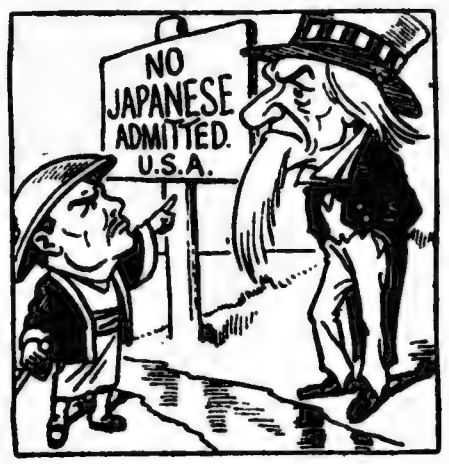
and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND



If it's too much to hope to "touch"
For any large amount,
May we expect now to collect
A little on account?

If men can strike just when they like
Trades Unionism is dead;
What army would be any good
Refusing to be led?



The Japanese with anger sees
Sam's new Exclusion Law;
"That sign," he cries, "offends my eyes
And gets me 'on the raw!'"

These laws it's plain such flaws contain
You can't tell when you're sinning,
Why should we not scrap all the lot
And make a new beginning?

"DUGGIE"
HAS
NO LIMIT
ON
S.P. Doubles,
Trebles or Accumulators

DUGGIE ALSO ORIGINATED:
PLACE BETTING
(full odds) for every horse when favourite starts odds on.
TELEGRAMS PAID IN FULL
if lost or wrongly transmitted, and may be sent from Course up to the off.

Steward's Cup.
1/3rd Odds for Places

DAILY BUSINESS
A SPECIALITY
Don't Delay. Post To-Day.

DOUGLAS STUART
5, Drury Street,
GLASGOW.

"Douglas Stuart rules an Empire of satisfied punters."—
JOHN BULL.

JAMES McLEAN,
12, Woodside Terrace,
GLASGOW, 3.

Now is the time to open a Credit Account
To all persons desirous of opening an account I can offer terms which cannot be surpassed anywhere.
One-third the odds on all Ante Post Betting Races.
No limit for Singles, Doubles and Accumulators.
On July 26th, 1922, I paid £3,338 to 22 for an Accumulator.
Credit Accounts opened from £5 upwards but no cash in advance under any circumstances.
Write for my illustrated booklet entitled "Points for Punters," containing useful information which every client should know who has a credit account with a bookmaker
Only Clients who are genuinely desirous of opening an account need reply to this advertisement.

Telephone Numbers: 2420 Douglas, 20 lines
Trunk Telephone Nos. 2835 " 8 "
Telephones for Telegrams only: 2206 " 4 "
Telegraphic Address: "Spotless, Glasgow."

Have the Handicappers

What I think about the Pitmen's Derby and the

OWNERS and trainers of stayers must get a little bit bewildered at this period of the season when there is a good distance handicap once a week and sometimes two. No wonder fields are not what they ought to be, seeing there are comparatively so few horses in training which can win beyond ten furlongs.

Within the next few days there are the Northumberland Plate, still known up Newcastle way as the Pitmen's Derby, and the Newbury Summer Cup.

Last Year's Winner is Fancied.

The former event was won last year by Carpathus and Jazz Band was second. The Middleham horse, I hear, is to attempt the double, although he has moved up 12 lb. in the handicap and has a bit more weight than Dobson Peacock expected. Jazz Band, however, has the sharper rise of 19 lbs., which is a considerable advance even allowing for the improvement Jazz Band has since made.

Kwannon Well In.

I do not think Kwannon has been harshly dealt with. That was a good display of hers in the Metropolitan, and she followed it up with the Salisbury Cup. This filly will win more races as she is still on the up grade, and this sort want more stopping than a few extra pounds will do to others.

Light Dragoon is consistent, and is sensibly being returned to his proper sphere of racing. He may have plenty of weight but he will want beating.

Taylor, always dangerous in distance handicaps, is left with Scapino and Becka. The former seems to have shed a little of his old unreliability, while Becka would have done better in the Chester Cup but for the very rough journey she and Donoghue had.

I should not be surprised to find handicappers are just now taking a risk with Becka.

The winner, I think, will come from Taylor's best, Jazz Band and Kwannon, and I am going to tip the latter.

The Newbury Cup.

I can see very few stables having the courage to back theirs against Rugeley in the Newbury Cup. If this handicap had been made after Sansovino had won the Derby—we all know what a race he gave Lord Derby's colt when conceding 20 lb.—the Lambourn gelding would have got more than 7 st. 5 lb. Moreover, he is a winner over the course.

Taylor has his usual lot among the acceptances in Puttenden, Baton Rouge and East Tor. I may be wrong, but I like the latter as much as any of the three. He was frequently entered in races beyond a mile and a half, but this is his best distance.

Keror is a Good French Horse.

Scullion we have seen adapt himself to the Newbury course, and Norseman is another. Some very useful performances over the Newbury Cup distance stand to the credit of this one. Portlight is bound to win again some time, and Keror, I am told, is going to pick up a handicap for Beckhampton. This French-bred five-year-old is reported to be very useful.

Rugeley Should Win.

Still it is approaching a handicap certainty for Rugeley if he steers clear of trouble in the race. He won at Chester in spite of getting into more than one difficulty, and there is plenty of room at the Berkshire course for a long-striding horse to get a clear run, while the long run-in is just what a stayer like Rugeley needs.

FOLLOW TAYLOR THIS WEEK.

Recently I gave a list of Alec Taylor's successes at Royal Ascot last year and suggested that in all probability he would repeat the performance. The Manton wizard has his horses in top-hole condition and I shall be very much surprised if he does not capture at least half a dozen races. Taylor has been at the top of the winning trainers every year since 1919, and the prize-money won by his horses at Ascot has been largely responsible for this wonderful record.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

Royal Ascot, Wednesday.
EAST TOR, TUNIS.

Thursday:
HURSTWOOD, FILIBERT DE SAVOIE or TOWN GUARD.

Friday:
GREEN FIRE, STANHOPE.

Filibert, the French Flier.

The French stables have sent over twenty horses to Ascot in the hope of picking up some of the rich prizes. The class horse of the contingent is undoubtedly Filibert de Savoie, and, in the words of our French cousins, the Gold Cup is all over. For months past it has been impossible to get a decent price about this fine stayer, and he is sure to start a very hot favourite. An each-way investment on Town Guard may be just as profitable as backing the hot-pot.

A Winning System.

I am not a great believer in systems, possibly because I have seen, heard of, and tried too many. They all fail in the long run unless one has unlimited capital. However, in spite of my pessimism regarding them as get-rich-quick schemes, punters might like to try the following stunt, which, I think, has shown a profit—sometimes very slight—every week since the opening of the flat. It must be worked through two bookmakers and they must be layers who accept bets for first and second favourites.

Take the two-year-old events only, and have four points on the first favourite with one of your bookmakers. With the other layer place one point each way on the second favourite.

Try it on paper for a week to see how it works.

Why "Classics"?

I have been asked on numerous occasions why the Derby, Oaks, St. Leger and the Guineas are called "classics." The answer is because the most highly bred three-year-olds compete in them, and all carry the same weight with the exception of the fillies, who receive the 3 lb. sex allowance. Geldings are not allowed to take part in the "classics."

Three Unlucky Sons.

If horses could only speak, I think that Hamoaze, one of the grandchildren of the famous Sceptre, would tell us that she was one of the unlucky brigade. Most of her stock have turned out well, but since 1919 she has been responsible for three Derby seconds. Buchan failed to beat the outsider Grand Parade, Tamar ran up against Captain Cuttle, and St. Germans finished second and completed the hat-trick this year.

I wonder what Alec Taylor, who trained all three, thinks of Hamoaze.

Sansovino and the other Three-

Taylor has a dark colt which may beat the lot in

A NUMBER of readers have asked me what I think of the prospects of any of the Derby failures beating Sansovino in the St. Leger. Not too bright on the face of it, but had I been one of the layers from whom a well-known professional backer applied after Epsom for £3,000 to £1,000, I think I should have accommodated him.

Not that Sansovino will be a 3 to 1 chance at Doncaster if he keeps well, but he may go wrong, or, again, be held up later by a spell of dry going which would hinder his preparation. The Derby winner looks the sort that needs plenty of work and he may not be able to stand it if the training tracks are hard later on.

Hurstwood and Salmon Trout.

If any of the Epsom failures beat Sansovino in September it may be either Hurstwood or Salmon Trout. You will hear silly objections raised against the latter later on because he is a Tetrarch, but two sons of "the rocking-horse" have won the St. Leger since the war, and if Salmon Trout had not got his share of stamina he would not have got so near the Derby winner as he did after losing nearly as much ground as did Parth a year ago.

Hurstwood will also see the St. Leger journey out, and even if he does not beat Sansovino he will, I think, reverse the Derby running with St. Germans, who does not look a St. Leger colt to me.

And to come to that, when the Manton lot in the race begin to get seriously talked about we may hear something about Mondamin, a big colt who has not yet been properly trained.

Who Will Win the Eclipse?

Of more concern at the moment is what the Derby lot are likely to do in the Eclipse Stakes next month.

This is Taylor's and Lord Astor's consolation event. The combination have won every Eclipse bar one since the war, and when they were beaten Tamar only succumbed in the last few strides.

Lord Astor's Three Horses.

The Manton stable has nine left in the race, but the three that will matter are all the property of Lord Astor—Saltash, Bright Knight and St. Germans. His lucky experience last year, when Saltash came to the rescue after Bold and Bad had one of his bad days and not one of his bold ones, may tempt him to run the lot.

In any case, both the three-year-olds, if neither can in the meantime establish any clear superiority at home, are pretty sure to be in the field.

Papyrus and Ellangowan are with Saltash the best of the older horses left in, and second season animals still with the liability are Parmenio, Donzelon, Knight of the Garter, Polyphontes and Tippler of Sansovino's victims, and Mumtaz Mahal who, even if she ran, would be stopped by the hill at the finish. This part of the Sandown course is no good to non-stayers in a true-run race.

Stopped Winners?

Newbury Summer Cup

HORSES TO FOLLOW.

Browside.—Last week I suggested that it would pay to follow first time out horses that ran in the Derby. While my racing pages were in the press Browside—one of the Blue Riband competitors—ran and won at Kempton at 7 to 1. Spittle's horse is by no means a champion, but he is useful over a mile.

Hand from Heaven.—Finished third in a two-year-old plate at Kempton after being badly baulked by La Melba gelding. The Stewards disqualified the latter and awarded Hand from Heaven second place. Lambton trains this colt and he is a certain winner soon.

Toga.—I noticed this good-looking two-year-old by Valens in the ring at Kempton. Although he had an engagement he did not run. Farquharson trains the colt, and I advise that he be backed first time out.

Clansman.—Cottrill sent this three-year-old to Wolverhampton, but although the colt had two engagements, he did not fulfil either. Possibly he was too well tipped. Do not miss him for his next race.

Irish Eagle.—Nightingale's horse was my code selection for the Vyner Handicap. He started at the nice price of 7 to 1 and was rather unlucky to be beaten a head by Pandarus. It will pay to follow Irish Eagle whenever he runs. Back the horse each way.

Hard Battle. — This fine-looking gelding by Charles O'Malley possesses his sire's stamina, and will win several good handicaps for Hogg's stable. He ran away with the Wolverhampton Handicap.

Nova Gelding.—A pot of money went west when this favourite was beaten first time out. The youngster is by Cicero, and the money is only lent for the time being. When a gelding is backed for pounds, shillings and pence, you can take it for granted that it is capable of winning races.

The Yank.—Won the Kenton Court Selling Plate by a head, but if the race were run over again he would win it by several lengths—he was badly baulked. The colt is very useful.

Irish Hope.—Crawford trains this four-year-old at Ogbourne. The horse has good three-year-old form in Ireland, but has not yet run in England. He has been advertised as a rod in pickle for a good handicap, and I believe he is to take his chance in the Hunt Cup. He has been scratched from the Gold Cup and left in the Sprint.

Diameter.—Has been a big starting-price order on several occasions this season, but has not yet caught the judge's eye. The colt is bound to pop up first soon. Its connections do not plank down their money unless they know they have a good one.

Polish Saint.—This Lemberg colt ran at Yarmouth last week and finished second to Peeping Tom. I received a strong tip for him just prior to the race. He will win soon.

Jug o' Rum.—Missed an engagement at Manchester owing to the fact that he has changed hands. He is a useful customer, and should not be overlooked first time out.

Ragout.—Mr. Frank Curzon's handicapper has shown that he likes a soup-plate course by his victories at Chester. He has been entered for the London Cup at Alexandra Park, and if he gets in with a reasonable weight is an obvious good thing.

PADDOCK PARS.

I notice that the resolution barring the horses of enemy countries from competing in England has been rescinded as regards Hungary. Not a word about Germany.

* * *

We do not hear very much of that very capable horseman Winter nowadays. In 1914 he was the first jockey to the Kaiser's stable. At the outbreak of hostilities he was interned.

* * *

M. Hartigan's horses are coming into form. He retains one of the best lightweights in the country, G. Richards, and it is advisable to watch the combination in the near future.

* * *

Mr. Bliss did the code selections a good turn at Manchester. His starting price—6 to 1—was not so bad.

* * *

Young R. Jones nearly brought off a double hat-trick at Dunstall Park. At the opening of the meeting he pocketed the first three races. He followed this up the next day by claiming the first two races and then riding into third place.

* * *

I hope that the curs who let the horses loose from Vasey's stables are caught and get their deserts. The Melton trainer says that he has not an enemy in the world, but this was hardly a friendly action.

"SILVER RING."

Year-Olds

the St. Leger

I think we shall see Donzelon "come back" one of these days. Considering the infirmity which has been troubling him he did better at Epsom than anyone could have expected. But if Papyrus gets over Ascot all right he is going to give all the three-year-olds something to do.

Three-Year-Old Fillies are Poor.

We seem to have a bad crop of three-year-old fillies. One or two of the daily papers, evidently with memories of Tranquil, gave us the startling information that Plack, despite her Oaks failure, would nearly win the St. Leger. There is only one reason that matters why Plack will not win the last classical, and that is because she is not in it.

Straitlace is too small if game enough, and she had had quite enough of it when she passed the post at Epsom. If our fillies were up to the average, Charley's Mount ought to have been beaten a furlong in the Oaks instead of just missing a place.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two Coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life, Newcastle Journal, Sheffield Early Bird, Glasgow Daily Record, Glasgow Noon Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Liverpool E. Express, Liverpool Sports Express. Mid-day Sporting Special, Newcastle Chronicle and Mail, South Wales Daily News, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Yorkshire Daily Post, Irish Independent, The Irish News, Sporting Chronicle and Chronicle Mid-day (Manchester).

A Z O B H E F T 3 L M W P S

J 2 K Y D C G Q N I U X R V

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be.

Q K X 3 F M J P H would read TOWN GUARD.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from June 18 to June 24, inclusive.

The Baron of Sunday News says—

No wonder their Telegraphic Address is "Generous."

WHITE FISHER & CO

144m, WEST REGENT STREET, GLASGOW.

For Credit Accounts apply:—

70, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1.

NO LIMIT ON ANYTHING.

1/3rd odds a place, 5, 6 or 7 runners.

WEEKLY ACCOUNTS. SYSTEMS.

Daily Settlements.

Send your commissions in your own way. That is our way. Winnings by return. Write for our book of rules and benefits.

WE NEVER QUIBBLE

ESTABLISHED 28 YEARS.

Gentlemen desirous of doing business on a credit basis and who prefer not to give references are requested to ask

A. H. WESTWOOD

YORK PLACE EDINBURGH

for his terms.

They are contained, together with Ready Reckoner, etc., in the "Little Blue Book," a copy of which he will gladly send to them.

J. McLAUCHLAN,

54, GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

Member of Principal London Sporting Clubs.

ESTABLISHED 32 YEARS.

"One of the biggest—one of the most financially stable in the country."

SPORTING LIFE, Feb. 2nd, 1924.

LETTERS

time-postmarked (not in code) up to advertised time of Race (Registers 15 minutes). All Letters are answered win or lose by return. All Postage Paid.

S.P. Place Bets one-third the odds: 1-2 if 5, 6, or 7 runners.

Special Credit Accounts. (No references required.

Prospective clients unable to give usual references may forward any amount from £5 to £100 as guarantee. Credit up to double the amount sent will then be granted. This does not apply to clients who already have accounts with me. When sending money as guarantee, please state "FOR SPECIAL CREDIT ACCOUNT." Clients sending guarantees must not forward commissions until they receive my official notification that the account is opened. No Representatives on Racecourses or elsewhere.

11, DUKE STREET, EDINBURGH.

"The little backers . . . crowd to the right man. The firm of D. Cope must surely be the most popular in the country."—*Racing and Football Outlook.*

BET WITH THE BIG TWO.

DAVID COPE and ALFRED H. MAURICE,

25, North Albion St., GLASGOW.

NO LIMIT.

1/3rd Odds a Place.

Letter Commissions. Daily Settlements Winnings by Return of Post.

For Credit Accounts only, apply to—

DAVID COPE, 97, Fleet St., London, E.C.4

BAD LEGS

A treatment which permanently cures bad legs by an entirely new method without rest, when other doctors and specialists have given the patient up as incurable, even with the aid of rest, is something of a novelty even in these days of medical marvels.

This method is known as the Tremol method of treating bad legs, and by it you are cured without a particle of pain, without a moment's rest, without neglecting your work for one single instant, and without the possibility of a failure, because this new method permits of no relapse, and you are cured to stay cured for all time. But this is not all. Every form of bad legs succumbs to this new treatment. Varicose ulcers melt away and even when combined with varicose veins disappear. Eczema vanishes, swollen and painful legs become painless. Diseased bone comes away. Tubercular bone and ulcers heal up. Inflammation and irritation become things of the past.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM

VARICOSE ULCERS,
VARICOSE ECZEMA,
SORE and INFLAMED LEGS,
SWOLLEN LEGS,
PAINFUL JOINTS?

IF YOU SUFFER FROM ANY OF THESE OR ANY OTHER LEG TROUBLE, TREMOL IS THE RIGHT TREATMENT.

THE REASON WHY.

Because Tremol Treatment is unlike all other treatments, for it attacks and removes the cause, and if your case is taken in hand—for if it is incurable it will not be accepted—it will be separately and specially prescribed for, and attended to until your cure is complete, and while you are applying the treatment in your own home.

HELP FOR EVERY SUFFERER.

Not only from Great Britain and Ireland but from every corner of the globe comes the demand from Sufferers for information about this great Treatment. Every day letters pour into the National Infirmary for Bad Legs from Sufferers anxious to be cured. To meet this demand for help the National Infirmary for Bad Legs have decided to send to all applicants

FREE OF ALL CHARGE

(1) A LARGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK teeming with sound and valuable information, which is sure to be the means of bringing about your speedy and permanent recovery and showing how the Treatment can be used in your own home.

(2) A BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED ALBUM of coloured plates of actual cases cured, and showing how the Treatment cures.

(3) A LEGAL GUARANTEE TO CURE.

(4) AN AUTHENTIC LIST OF CASES CURED IN YOUR OWN TOWN or neighbourhood, so that every Sufferer may see and talk with the people in his own district whom the Treatment has cured.

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Doctors know that most cases of digestive disturbance are due to acidity, and so, when they themselves get an attack of stomach pain, they obtain instant relief by taking a simple, harmless antacid preparation — Bisurated Magnesia. If *you* suffer after eating; if food lies like lead on your stomach, causing distress and keeping you awake at night, get a package of Bisurated Magnesia and take just after meals, or whenever pain is felt. You'll say, with the doctors, that this treatment may be cheap and simple, but there's nothing to beat it anywhere, at any price. Get some from your chemist now.

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You Can Make a Better Grey Hair Remedy Than You Can Buy.

Grey, streaked or faded hair is not only unbecoming, but unnecessary.

Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and ¼ ounce of glycerine.

These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost, or the chemist will put it up for you. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a grey-haired person look twenty years younger. It is easy to use, does not colour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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WHEN THEY ACHE, BURN, SMART, SWELL, ITCH, BLISTER, PERSPIRE, AND FORM CORNS OR CALLOUSES.

All you need is a highly medicated and oxygenated footbath prepared by adding Reudel Bath Saltrates to plain water. Refreshing, soothing, healing, and antiseptic, its wonderful effects upon sore, tired muscles, aching bones, irritated nerves and sensitive skin make you feel like dancing with joy, and quickly render walking a real pleasure again. Money back in full, immediately, and without a question, if you are dissatisfied. Millions of packets have been sold, every one with the guarantee enclosed. Sale is increasing daily. *This means something*, and must convince even the most sceptical of its real merit. In convenient sizes and at very low prices from chemists everywhere. Ask them to tell you about Reudel Bath Saltrates.

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Our Letter Parliament

No Hope for Our Boys!

Our Readers Air their Views on this and Other Subjects

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Education Not All.

The great problem of "What shall we do with our boys?" is a vital one. "A Gentleman With a Duster's" article makes it quite clear that something more than educating a child is necessary, if the child's future is to be assured. There are hundreds of well-educated youths to-day in this country absolutely at a loose end and depending on parental support, waiting for an opportunity to get a start to earn for themselves. The cry is for effective men. Here is industry's chance to get them. The effective men are here all right—but industry has no efficient scheme to absorb them.—*J. Steel, Hawcridge.*

Tiding Us Over.

It is well that the problem of our youngsters leaving school is engaging your attention. Here are thousands of boys and girls being flung on the labour market every year and thus increasing unemployment. There are no jobs for them; the Labour Minister's insane proposal to give them doles has been rightly defeated. Keep them at school a little longer! It is an expedient, certainly, but it will tide us, perhaps, over our bad time.—*H. T. Fayre, Glasgow.*

The Alley of Despair.

Yes, you are right. The boys of to-day are marching straight into a dead wall. They reach manhood with broken hearts and embittered minds through unemployment. But bemoaning facts will not remedy things. Let us instantly seek a remedy and put it into operation. Sink Party differences, says your writer, and let us rouse our hearts and cudgel our brains to give these lads a chance. Well said, and let us get busy at once. Let every M.P. take the task to heart.—*Samuel Green, Liverpool.*

Labour's Rabbit!

What is to become of our youths? Unemployment and bad trade are keeping them out of jobs, yet they are regularly leaving school in large numbers—to become idlers and loafers. The British nation is in grave peril. Those are the men of the future. Will our glorious traditions be upheld by a race of spongers? The Government should tackle the problem at once. Labour told us at the election that it had the remedy for unemployment. Where is it?—*Victor Hearh, Grimsby.*

Wild-cat Schemes.

The proposal to give doles to children of fourteen has been "decisively and derisively rejected." No thinking man or woman will find it difficult to endorse the verdict of the House of Commons. Why does not the Government abandon such wild-cat schemes and take the obvious step of raising the school leaving age to sixteen? There can be no doubt that unemployment would be lessened by this measure. An even more beneficial result would be that boys and girls would no longer leave school half-educated, as is so often the case to-day.—*Teacher, Isle of Wight.*

Nothing to Fear.

"A Gentleman With a Duster's" article, "The Alley of Despair," is a very brilliant piece of expressed thought, but I do not quite agree with his views on education. It is true that it is difficult for youths to obtain jobs at the present time, but I think your contributor will admit that all the education in the world will not ensure success unless it is allied with brains and the "get there" spirit. It is this spirit that makes for progress in nations. And our boys still have it!—*Vide, London.*

Those Sex Problems.

Why all this pother and ink-spilling about sex-instruction and the curse of so-called sex-murders? Is it not all too painfully obvious that the present-day wave of immorality and crime is merely the result of the loss of control of young people by parents and elders? Mr. Wallace in his excellent article only speaks the mind of every experienced and naturally minded person. Deprive the young mind of this modern, mistaken freedom, discipline it, and, literally, spare not the rod, and sex-problems will be reduced to a minimum.—*Regular Reader, Oldham.*

Murder Minds.

One of the most noticeable things about murder trials is the large crowds that clamour and fight to gain admission into the courts. It is pitiful to think that more than half of these crowds are young married women. Surely people could occupy their time in a more useful and interesting way than to hear the ghastly evidence that is so often given. If these young wives would take as much interest in their homes and husbands, married life would not become a dreary round of monotonous routine as is so often the case.—*G. B., Matlock.*

Humanity in Peril.

In my opinion it is the greatest mistake to encourage scientists to invent such murderous machinery as the one invented by Mr. Grindell-Matthews. In Mr. Alex. Thompson's article he states "No Briton should sell to a foreign Power the inventions that imperil the lives of his kinsfolk." What does it matter which country possesses this weapon, since it imperils humanity at large? The only inventions which should be accepted by any country are those for the advancement of civilisation, not for its destruction.—*Mrs. Lewis, Newington Green Road, N.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"BLUE MAGAZINE":—"His arms were round her and her HEAD WAS ON HIS CHEST, and their EYES WERE MINGLING."

"BALLYMENA OBSERVER"—"The BIGGEST of the stones would be about HALF A POUND WEIGHT, and the SMALLEST about ONE POUND, and the boys were throwing at this."

"BIRKENHEAD NEWS" (advert.):—"Arkato—has never failed to GROW NEW HAIR when faithfully applied; money back IF IT DOES."

"FORGET-ME-NOT NOVELS":—"Such red inviting lips she had, and eyes heavily fringed with silken LASHES of DEEPEST DEEPEST BLUE."

"DAILY MAIL":—"Every now and then she caught herself LOOKING AT THE MAN . . . surely, every now and then, HIS eyes wandered THE SAME WAY as her own."

"PEG'S PAPER":—"Sitting with our FEET IN WARM WATER, and with WOODEN SABOTS ON OUR FEET, we smoked cigarettes and discussed the news of the day."

"NEWNES' POCKET NOVELS":—"There was a LOOK of bitter reproach in Clyde's TONE."

Work versus Doles.

Your article by A. G. G. on the Government Insurance proposals is splendid. As an average "man in the street," I think it is time some means were found to substitute work for doles, and thereby stop this dry rot that is eating its way into the manhood of the nation. Let all Parties unite on this vital question—give an opportunity to all to earn an honest and decent livelihood, then we will find out who are the "won't-works," and these could be dealt with as seems best.—*G. B., Edinburgh.*

Trays and Tragedies.

You do not go far enough in the matter of underpaid waitresses. You tell the public to refuse "tips." A much more effective remedy would be the refusal of the public to have anything to do with these "sweating" restaurants. These places can afford to sell things cheaply because they starve their assistants to do it. But why does the general public support them? To me it seems that we want to view such question in the light of the public conscience Charity begins *at home.*—(*Rev.*) *W. H. D. Manchester.*

The Hello Girl.

Why doesn't someone take up the cause of the telephone girls instead of always condemning them? If the public could only understand the workings of an exchange, I'm sure rather than be so impatient and often pass such rude remarks, they would be a bit more considerate than they are at present. Most people have the mistaken idea that *theirs* is the only telephone to be dealt with instead of about fifty more per girl. Have a heart, business men!—*Ex-London Telephonist.*

Can't be Bothered!

What strikes me most in these days is the comparative indifference of the young men of this country to the various intricate political situations, an understanding of which should be both a duty and a hobby. The usual excuse is that they have no time in which to read the news. But it is a curious fact that they can always find time to read the sporting pars and athletic news. This is not as it should be.—*D. C. M., Kirkcaldy.*

Co-operative Prices.

In reference to A. McKay's query concerning co-operative societies' buying and selling of coal, may I add that instead of being cheaper most of their goods are dearer even than the small general shops of this district. When complaints are made members are informed that the co-operative employees are paid a higher rate of wages than multiple shops; therefore by buying from our society we are being loyal to our fellow-workers. But where there are hungry kiddies to feed on a limited income members are driven to shop elsewhere.—*Mrs. Fisher.*

Better Babies.

That the birth-rate of the superior class is decreasing while that of the inferior class shows an alarming increase is disquieting news. It seems hopeless to assume that the latter class would apply contraceptive methods even if it contrived to assimilate their principles. The tragedy lies in the fact that the superior class limits its productivity from a sense of duty, while degenerates, placed by their very feeble-mindedness beyond the pale of self-control, add to the burdens of the State by multiplying indiscriminately. If sterilisation were adopted, the funds thus saved could be devoted to the rearing of sound children.—*D. MacEwen, Inverness.*

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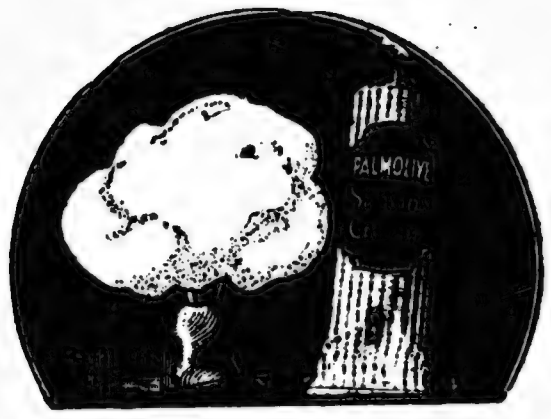

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After shaving, your skin is left cool, smooth, by the carefully blended palm and olive oils.

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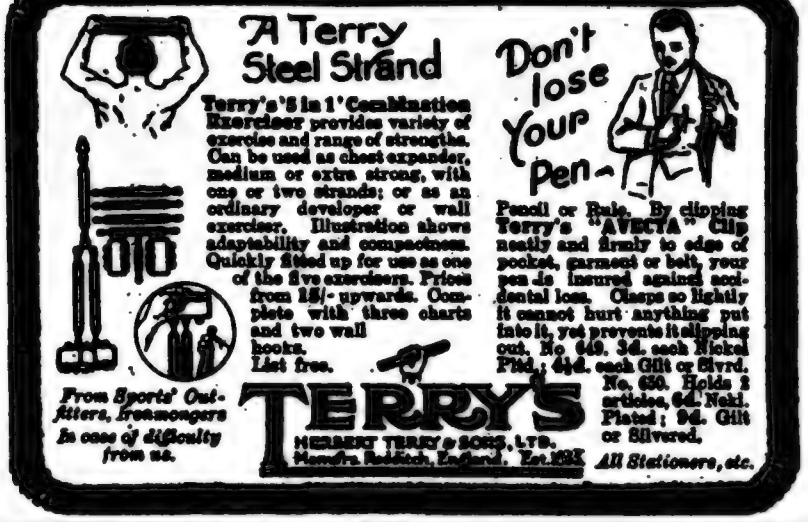
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Readers so often write asking me to recommend a saddle, and I ought to say that it is as easy (and as useful) for me to advise a saddle for someone else as to recommend a wife for another man.

All that I can do here is to suggest that you get the lists of the various saddle firms and take your choice. Herbert Terry and Sons, Ltd., of Redditch, for instance, have a well-deserved reputation for saddles. It was on a Terry saddle that several of the competitors rode in the recent "London to Land's End" trial. And all who took part in that race will tell you that the state of some of the roads deserved the outbursts of profanity they provoked. But the Terry riders agree that the shocks were reduced to minimum by the saddles.

And there are other firms who have made comfort a study when producing saddles. So I advise H. G. W. (Bristol), John McC. (Coatbridge) and dozens of other correspondents to discover which saddle they prefer by experimenting by a process of elimination.

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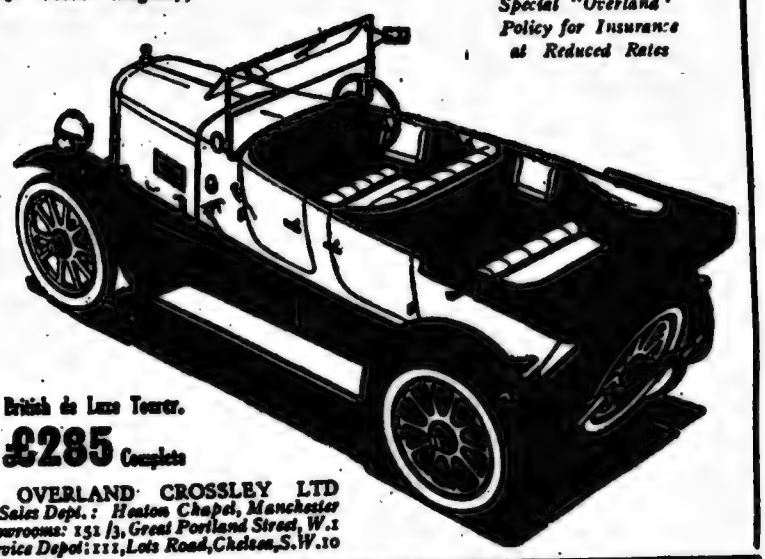

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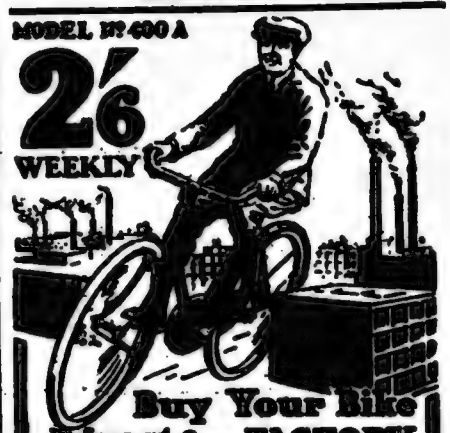

Buy Your Bike *Direct* from FACTORY

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No shopkeeper will let you ride a cycle a fortnight *FREE*. But WE WILL. So send for a Mead on 15 days' Free Riding Trial and prove for yourself how the super-excellence of Mead workmanship and the matchless quality of Mead materials make Mead machines glide silently, swiftly and smoothly over the roughest roads.

Immediately we hear from you we will send a cycle PACKED FREE and CARRIAGE PAID. Ride the machine as much as you like—without being under the slightest obligation to buy. Then if you don't wish to keep the cycle, send it back at our expense.

It won't take a minute to send a post-card. Write one NOW—while you think of it.

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CYCLE COMPANY (INC.)
Dept. M 657), BIRMINGHAM

John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. *See page* 21.

R. U. (Southport).—"I must say my girl's a riddle to me." Give her up.

T. R. (Glasson).—"There you have the thing in a nutshell." Next time remember we prefer a filbert to a cocoanut.

S. S. (Greenwich).—"If you saw the weeds in my garden you'd laugh." Hoe! Hoe!

B. L. (Maidstone).—"Young men find it more and more difficult to get on." And easier then ever to get off.

L. R. B. (Bacup).—"After three glorious weeks 'doing' London I find I have put on weight." Then you're *still* looking round.

C. R. K. (Swanage).—"If only girls knew it, a shower of rain is the best possible thing for the complexion." Manchester papers please copy.

A. B. D. (Bailleston).—"After just one visit to the laundry my collars come back with edges like saws." That's a bit rough.

A. H. (Lancaster).—"I hope we have a really warm summer if only for the sake of our American visitors." Possibly they'll bring their own hot air with them.

L. P. G. (Cricklewood).—"A policeman may be useful, but I think there is more important work." In fact you look upon a copper as a wash-out?

"SCHOOLMASTER" (Hull).—"Education is simply accomplishing miracles." Many tax-payers say the same, but they mean something quite different.

W. T. (Sheffield).—"Even domestic servants are dancing mad." They certainly should be good at doing the steps.

S. S. (Flint).—"I can never understand why people joke about cheese." Nor can we. The kind they joke about is more often a tragedy.

T. H. M. (Tiptree).—"It's no good fighting Fate." We never do. The postman will tell you we accepted this quite peacefully.

R. T. (Blackheath).—"Personally, I shall spend my holidays looking for a piece of land on which to build a house." Good! You'll be seeing the sites, anyhow.

D. C. G. (Newton Abbot).—"It is false to say that it is money that makes the world go round." Anyhow it's the most important factor in helping the world to keep square.

B. H. (Leeds).—"It is in the galleries of our theatres and music-halls that you will find the working-class." And, no doubt, the middle-class in the upper circle.

D. J. L. (Teddington).—"No matter how apparently well off a man is he is compelled, these days, to cut down everywhere." So father's trousers now fit little Willie.

D. T. (Cork).—"I think men are good listeners." They've no choice.

L. S. (Chelsea).—"My friends say I have a film face." Screen it.

C. D. (Durham).—"What is the maximum penalty for bigamy?" Two mothers-in-law.

S. D. (Doncaster).—"I am proud of my five sons." That's far more sensible than boasting about your forefathers.

T. E. D. (Barrow).—"What's at the bottom of this coal price business?" Most probably, coal dust.

J. L. (Leeds).—"My wife can talk the hind leg off a donkey." Then you shouldn't risk listening to her.

S. S. (Ealing).—"I should like to meet a real live brigand." Come around and be introduced to our grocer.

G. D. (London, S.E.).—"A house in our street collapsed the other day." Perhaps the rent was too heavy.

D. G. A. (Crewe).—"On Sunday mornings I am up with the lark." So are we—if there are any larks getting up at about 11 o'clock.

H. K. (Chester).—"When carrying a bag of pennies in to my mother's shop, I slipped on the steps and fell down." Then you were fairly rolling in money.

T. T. (Elstree).—"I'm getting up a raffle for a poor old lady and want you to buy a ticket." But what on earth should we do with her if we won?

G. G. (Waterloo).—"Our picnic was spoilt by a lot of uninvited guests." You should cover up the strawberry jam—then the wasps will soon buzz off.

F. H. (Dunedin).—"I'm afraid my signature is rather illegible." Never mind. We have your thumbmarks on the outside of the envelope.

H. H. (Harpenden).—"Some people simply cannot help living above their means." You refer, we take it, to people who live directly over their shops?

J. H. P. (Lewisham).—"The modern woman is never at home, but she is too cautious to get into mischief." She is, it seems, always out, but you can never catch her out.

W. O. (Exeter).—"Can I borrow five pounds." Very probably—but not from us.

M. R. (Worthing).—"Please tell me how prize-fighters keep fit." By running backwards and forwards to the bank.

H. D. (Bolton).—"Why do you never hear any complaints of quack remedies?" Dead men tell no tales.

N. S. (Bath).—"It's hard to find anything nicer than entertaining visitors." True, but so very few are entertaining.

D. O. (Shrewsbury).—"How can I learn to play the piano without drudgery?" Buy a pianola.

A. A. (Chenies).—"The medical man should be treated with proper respect." And yet many patients put out their tongues at him.

S. F. (Morpeth).—"A lot of the old English customs are dropping off." But a lot of new English taxes have been put on.

F. R. (Burton).—"After all, life is very much like a game of cards." You are right, and there seems to be an abundance of shufflers.

W. A. A. (Stroud Green).—"Poverty knocks a good many people flat." And it usually leaves them in straightened circumstances.

G. J. Y. (Tooting).—"I received a favourable impression of the Wembley Exhibition." We have communicated your report to the organisers and they invite you to pay (1s. 6d.) a return visit.

Mrs. C. (Streatham).—"My lodger bangs the door every time he goes out and shakes the whole house." It must be annoying when you are trying to get jellies to set.

F. F. (Victoria).—"For the first time since the war there are theatres advertised to let in the heart of the West End." The trouble is that somebody may take them.

P. F. D. (Maidenhead).—"In the hands of the amateur, the piano as a musical instrument is not often a pronounced success." Don't we know it! The lady next door is always stressing the strum in instrument.

LETTERS requiring a postal reply must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Documents should bear sufficient postage for return. Anonymous correspondents ignored. Names and addresses of writers are essential as a guarantee of good faith.

J. K. (Leeds).—"I had bad luck at the Derby." Life is full of Epsom Downs.

J. H. V. (Hull).—"Some trawlers here make a lot of money." Net profits.

L. G. W. (Egham).—"Gold wigs are fashionable." Some girls, of course, have always worn carnty locks.

H. H. (Charing Cross).—"I sent you a funny story last month; did you get it?" Yes; but it wasn't.

M. R. O. (Canterbury).—"I was out in all that rain last week-end." You could not have been—we were out in some of it.

W. D. (Lowestoft).—"Clothes don't grow on bushes." No, but we've seen boots on trees.

N. L. (Sowerby).—"What's happened to all the blondes this summer?" Oh, they've just quietly dyed.

R. A. (Horton).—"Have you ever read 'To a Nightingale?'" No: how do you get them to listen?

T. P. (Bingley).—"I can't think what made my brother marry that girl." That girl of course.

D. W. (Kensal Rise).—"I awoke to see a horse with its head poked through my bedroom window." You must have thought it was a nightmare.

D. S. (Kenton).—"In my opinion women should be allowed to become parsons." That would mean we should still have surplice women.

D. S. (Putney).—"On wet days, the people living above us play tennis in the sitting-room." We wonder how you stand the racket.

G. J. (Paddington).—"Some conductors of jazz orchestras don't seem to know any music at all." Don't be harsh. Surely they work hard enough as acrobats.

P. W. (Colchester).—"Some masters belittle their female staff." But a good many shorthand-typists take their employers down.

F. C. (Margate).—"In my experience, women invariably exaggerate." Then you have never yet asked a woman her age.

J. J. R. (Dulberton).—"If ever I mention mending clothes to my wife, she gets angry." Naturally, she would get the "needle."

B. B. C. (Carstairs).—"Our educational system is on its last legs." And the schools themselves will be breaking up shortly.

Mr. W. DUFFY (Field House, Scarboro' Road, Driffield).—"I am a farm worker, and I shall use my £1,000 *Bullets* Prize in a good cause." Well, you can't grumble about this year's "harvest."

G. G. (Knightsbridge).—"I am firmly convinced that there is no hell." Have you never lightheartedly turned up at a social function in a tweed suit and found everybody else in evening clothes?

T. N. (Gateshead).—"If you want to, you can make yourself believe anything." Then make yourself believe that we were delighted to get your letter, and are simply longing to hear from you again!

R. I. T. (Hove).—"We should all show respect to the cloth." Quite so. But you should see what a careless friend did to our new billiard table.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Straight from the Shoulder

PRES. MILLERAND:—Respect for the law is the supreme safeguard of democracies.

An even greater safeguard is respect for the voice of democracy.

* * *

LLOYD GEORGE:—Humanity has come to earth.

As a matter of fact, politicians have forced it down into the mud.

* * *

VIVIAN PHILLIPS:—What we Liberals are concerned with is to get things done.

It's just because you politicians stick Party labels on everything that nothing is done.

* * *

DAVID KIRKWOOD:—The workers refuse any longer to be slaves.

In fact they're even refusing to be slaves to woolly headed "leaders."

* * *

ARTHUR HENDERSON, JUN.:—It is possible to provide temporary solutions for unemployment.

We agree: and we can't understand why you don't get busy.

SIR CHARLES YATES, M.P.:—When a telegraph messenger becomes eighteen years of age he should be compelled to enlist.

And when an M.P. talks balderdash he should be compelled to retire.

* * *

WALTON NEWBOLD:—The Revolution is not very far off.

So you said five years ago. What a rotten prophet you are!

* * *

DR. SPERO:—Every experiment upon an animal is under an anæsthetic.

In 1922 there were 89,195 experiments performed without anæsthetics.

* * *

EARL HAIG:—Good will is no substitute for good defence.

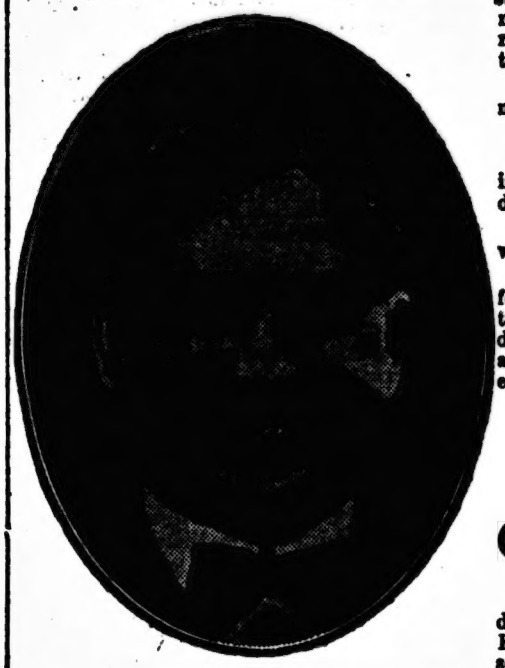
It is the only substitute. Secure international good will would end war.

* * *

MR. ACKHURST:—The strike will not be over till we win.

Now that it's over and you've lost, we trust you've learned sense.

"ONCE A NERVEWRECK"



Now Fine and Fit at 50

Your nerves are composed of millions of minute nerve-cells.

Unless these nerve-cells feed they cannot work. All the nervous ailments men and women suffer from to-day are due to insufficiently nourished nerve-cells.

The task of feeding this army of hungry nerve-cells is performed by the blood.

To feed these nerve-cells the blood extracts from the food you eat a certain essential nerve nutriment in infinitesimal quantities, which reaches the nerve-cells in the form of Organic Phosphoric Substance. It is this element that keeps the nerve-cells "going"—when they get enough of it. When they don't get enough of it they become weak and disordered.

Here are some of the ailments caused by this starved condition of the nerve-cells and restorable by the new method of Nerve-Reconstruction. Read down this list. See if the illness or weakness from which you are suffering is included. You can learn how to get rid of any of these troubles and regain your health by this great "Nerve-Reconstruction" Method. Here are a few ailments due to Nerve-Cell Starvation:

AILMENTS DUE TO NERVE STARVATION.

—Sleeplessness,
—General Debility,
—Pains in Back,
—Inability to Concentrate Your Mind,
—Bad Memory,
—Headache and Neuralgia,
—Brain Fag,
—Irritability,
—Loss of Energy,
—Dizziness,
—Depression and Melancholia,
—Lack of "Fire" and Vigour,
—Excessive Shyness, and Timidity,
—Hysteria,
—Anæmia,
—Incipient Consumption,
—Failing Vision.

HOW THE NUTRIENT OPERATES.

You take this Nutrient through your digestive organs. It is assimilated and taken by the latter straight to the semi-starved nerve-cells. It gives them renewed strength, health and vitality. This remarkable product nourishes the nerve-cells, reconstructs them, and restores them to their normal activity.

Besides nourishing and rebuilding your nerves, the Muller Nutrient—

1. Enriches your blood.
2. Strengthens and increases the all-important corpuscles of the blood, which defend your body against germs; and
3. Revitalises and makes better your whole system.

After taking the Muller preparation for a few days (as you can now for a week practically free of charge) you feel absolutely different, better, brighter, stronger, healthier and more energetic and more "vital" in every way.

Marvellous Powers of the Muller CONCENTRATED FOOD.

Thousands have been rescued from the depths of Nervous Breakdowns, Loss of Energy, Melancholia, Neurasthenia, Insomnia, by this wonderful new method of "Nerve-Reconstruction" **you can now try for yourself FREE.**

The Muller Laboratories have put aside 10,000 full-sized boxes of the Muller Nerve Nutrient for distribution amongst readers suffering from any nervous ailments. Each box contains sufficient to last for seven days. By writing for it to-day you can obtain the whole week's supply for fourpence in stamps (bare out-of-pocket cost of postage, packing, etc.). With this week's trial course will be sent a presentation copy of Muller's Book on the Nervous System and its requirements for health. Published at 1s., this book will also be sent to you FREE.

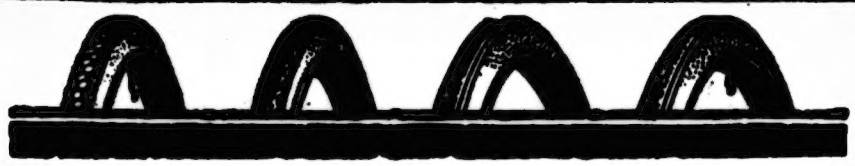
This offer is only intended to be taken advantage of once, and only one Trial Supply can be sent to the same person. Send your full name and address, with fourpence in stamps, to 195, The Muller Laboratories, Scientific Food Specialists 37, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, London, W.1, and the booklet and a package containing seven days' Trial Supply of the Nutrient will be sent free in a cover.

YOU can have a 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

MULLER NUTRIENT

nourishes Starved Nerves without baneful drugs or tonics.

Price 2s. a box, from all good chemists (5 boxes 12s.). Superior to any nerve remedy in powder or liquid form.



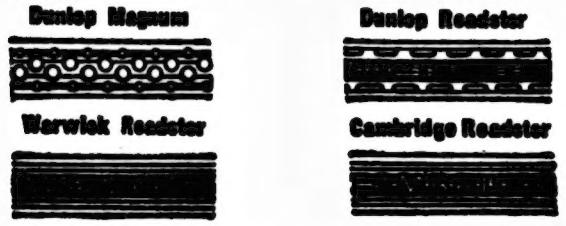
THINK IN MILES-

and you will buy

DUNLOP

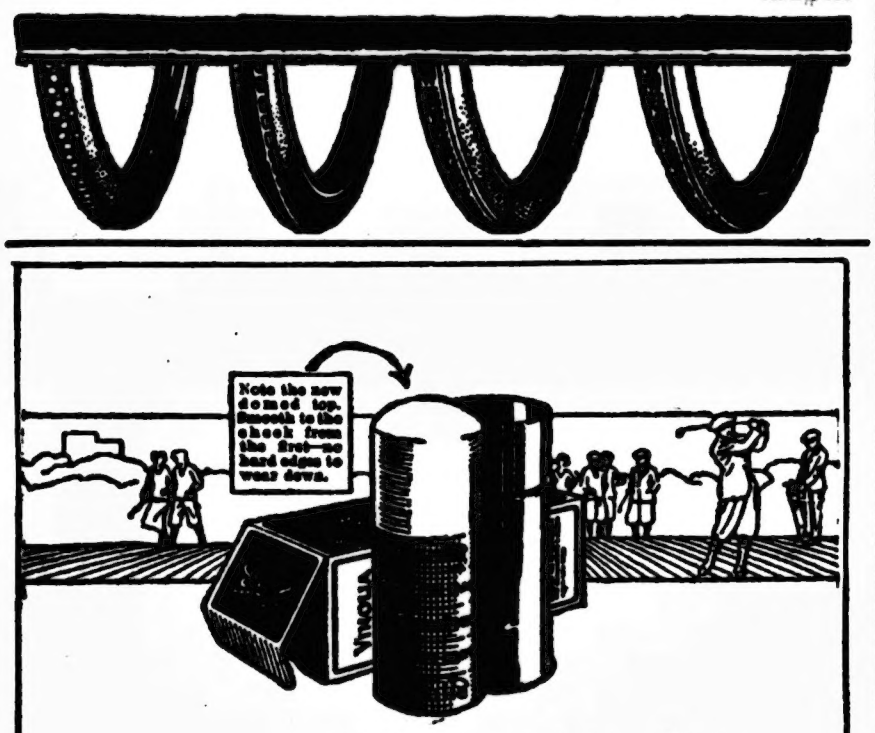
Long mileage is built into every Dunlop-made cycle tyre by the world's master tyre builders, and it is mileage that matters—that determines whether a tyre has been cheap or dear.

There is a Dunlop cycle tyre for every rider. Ask your dealer to show you the range.



'fit Dunlop and be satisfied'

C.F.H. 108



A discovery made by millions of men during the war was that shaving soap—that is soap made specially to shave with—does its work far better than any ordinary toilet or household variety. But there are still some who think that an ordinary soap will answer. It does, in a way, but a startling revelation in the quickness and comfort of shaving awaits those who lather with a Vinolia Shaving Stick for the first time.

In aluminium cases 1/3
Refills in cartons 1/-
Cream in tubes 1/6

BRITISH MADE, BRITISH OWNED

Vinolia
SHAVING SOAP
Soothes the Skin—Makes the Razor Glide

B.V.765—56 Vinolia Co. Ltd., London

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FAMOUS
Kildare CYCLES

Just 3d. a day
7/6 MONTHLY

Every Cycle Guaranteed
CARRIAGE PAID
Agents for James, Raleigh, Rudge, B.S.A., Humber, Swift, etc.
Price List "G" Post Free.

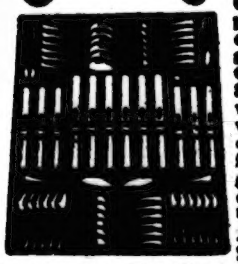
FROM £4.19.6 CASH

WM. WHITELEY, LTD. Queens Road, London, W.2

GRAVES STAINLESS CUTLERY

SAVES TIME, LABOUR & MONEY

GRAVES



It banishes for evermore the daily drudgery of Knife-Cleaning.

Complete service of 48 pieces, £3:5:0 (without easel. Ivory-grained handles, Columbian Silver Spoons & Forks which wear white all through. Delivered to approved orders for 5/- now, 5/- monthly.

5/- now

CATALOGUE of Stainless Cutlery and Plate, Stainless Specialities, &c., Post Free

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield

Free Treatment

FOR ALL WHO SUFFER FROM RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS, RHEUMATISM LUMBAGO, GOUT, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, ETC.

IF you suffer from Rheumatism or any of the other painful and distressing ailments enumerated above, here is good news for you! A prominent London Manufacturing Chemist has discovered a simple home treatment which is working wonders every day. Already thousands of sufferers have been saved from misery and despair by CURICONES.

The Treatment has been tested and adopted by over 300 Doctors. We have received numerous testimonials from the Medical Profession which prove conclusively that Doctors both prescribe CURICONES to their patients and take them themselves. *(Copies of letters on application.)*

The action of CURICONES is prompt and direct. The cause, whether it be Uric Acid, Urates of Soda, Lime, Potash, etc., even Microbes, is removed without resort to nauseous drugs. CURICONES are pure gelatine capsules containing an entirely new combination of medicines approved by the British Pharmaceutical Authorities. They are pleasant and easy to take and relieve torturing pain in a very short time.

It will only cost you the price of a postage stamp to test CURICONES. Surely you will not let this opportunity go by?

ENTIRELY FREE—10,000 TRIAL PACKAGES, together with Useful Book and Diet Table.

So confident are we that CURICONES do bring relief that we are prepared to send **ten thousand Trial Packages free** to readers of JOHN BULL who apply on the coupon below. You are not asked for money. By applying you place yourself under no obligation whatever. **We want you to prove to your own satisfaction that CURICONES will cure you.** With the free package you will receive convincing testimony from the Medical Profession and former sufferers of the Curative action of CURICONES together with a useful book telling how CURICONES were discovered, and how a London Manufacturing Chemist cured his wife of Rheumatoid Arthritis—the most chronic of all Rheumatic ailments—by this simple home treatmen after everything else had failed. This free treatment has been the first step to complete cure with thousands of sufferers who had almost given up hope of ever enjoying life again. Don't delay. Post the coupon TO-DAY and learn how YOU can obtain relief from your pains in a few hours.

Send No Money

BUT POST COUPON TO-DAY

COUPON FOR FREE TREATMENT

Address Envelope to:—
STEPHEN MATTHEWS & CO., LTD., Manufacturing Chemists and Druggists, Dept., E.A.8, 19-21, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

Please send me free and post paid your trial package and book on Rheumatoid Arthritis and Rheumatic Affections, diet table and full particulars of your discovery.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

AILMENT .....

A MINER'S HOLIDAY WEEK

Coalfields Strewn with Broken Hearts

A WOMAN whose husband is engaged in the most hazardous occupation known in the modern industrial world must of necessity be continually apprehensive regarding the safety of her life mate, but to that bravely borne anxiety is often added the cruel suffering of semi-starvation and the constant worry of wondering whether his earnings will be sufficient to support the family.

In one of the English coal districts the miners earn on an average £2 a week, and many of their wives have six children to keep on it.

Last week we received a letter from a young miner's wife which is at once a terrible indictment of our industrial system and heart-rending revelation of the sufferings of a young mother struggling to maintain a respectable home for her husband and feed and clothe her children on a pittance which would scarcely suffice to support a single man in anything like comfort.

"I have been married to a miner for just over three years, and I have three bonnie children, the eldest not yet three years old. I am only twenty-two and my hubby twenty-seven, and we do need advice so badly," she says.

Poor, brave little woman! Her problem might well baffle more experienced housekeepers. "My husband brings home every penny of his money, and he has no beer or tobacco," she continues. "Most weeks he has about 39s., but in Easter week he had only 26s., and out of this I have to pay 10s. for rent and rates and feed and clothe ourselves and the three little ones!"

After the 1921 strike her man was almost one of the last to be allowed to return to the pit. He had been away at the war, and there was not room for him until others had opened out sufficient places to enable all to return to work. On May 27, 1922, she tells us, he brought home his first week's wages since March 5, 1921. Is it surprising that after over a year of enforced unemployment the rent got into arrears?

Their home is in a Council house. Twice the ceiling fell down, and the corporation rejected a claim for £2 for compensation and offered 10s. When dissatisfaction was expressed they retorted with an ejectment order. Only a loan from a kindly clergyman saved this suffering family from being turned into the street, and then the Council demanded £1 15s. as costs, and threatened to carry out the ejectment order if this sum was not paid immediately.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund will relieve this miner's wife from immediate anxiety. It is only by your increased subscriptions that we can hope to help other cases. Every penny sent to us is distributed in relief, for JOHN BULL bears the entire cost of administration.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Long Eaton, 1s.; H. B., 6d.; "Measles Sufferer," 4s.; L. Neve, 2s.; "In Memoriam," 2s.; Mrs. A. Davey, 6d.; M. L. (N. Lambeth), £1; W. Haddon, 6d.; A Ninth (Westcliff), 3d.; "Shipmaster," 13s. 4d.; "Pius," £1; M. Stapley, 2s.; A. T., 6d.; Mrs. A. M., 1s.; Mrs. M. E. Richards, 2s. 6d.; G. M. Haddon, 1s.; Henley-on-Thames, 6d.; "Benwell," 1s.; "Small Helping," 3d.; "My Boarders' First," 3d.; "Little Punter," 1s.; "Long Tom," 6d.; T. E. D. (Norwich), 3s.; "In Memory of our Dear Son, G. M.," 2s.; Clapton, 1s.; Tar-John, 1s.; M. C., 2s.; A Ninth from the "Clayhole," 5s.; Mrs. Herbert, pcl.; Folkestone, 2s. 6d.; Witney, 3d.; 6th Chad, 5s.; For the Fund "Neuf," 1s. 3d.; Mrs. Herbert, 2s.; "Fitzroy," £1 1s.; "Children Lover," 10s.; Anon, 1s.; "Always Dreaming," 6d.; A. W. M. (Gorton), 6d.; From a Factory Girl (Northampton), 1s.; E. J. P., pcl.; J. Hutchen, 6d.; H. F. (Manchester), 1s.; Bristol, 6d.; T. Gleedhill, 6d.; Richdick, 4d.; Ernest Heal, 1s. 6d.; T. B., 6d.; "Ucalite," 1s. 6d.; J. Fraser, 1s.; Every Little Helps, 1s.; "Sister," 1s.; Miss M. Milne, 1s.; G. Clayton, 1s.; Downend, 1s.; F. Garrington, 2s. 6d.; Fifth from "Snowball," 2s. 6d.; R. Allen, 10s.; H. R. May, 2s. 2d.; "Satisfied Bulleteer," 10s.; "Elepa, 22," £1; Poult's Weekly Ninth, 4s. 6d.; H. A. B., 3s. 6d.; Barham II., 2s.; W. G. Goss, 6d.; S. Williams, 2s.; Mrs. G. Fallowfield, 1s. 6d.; E. M. Beckett, 1s.; "Wellwisher," 10½d.; M. C., 1s.; A. R. Reader, 1s.; N. S. (Bournemouth), 1s. 2d.; Mary Thompson, 2s. 6d.; H. B., 6d.; R. J. and A. E. Dubbin, 5s.; Weekly Reader (Birmingham), 2s. 6d.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; "A Clerk's Wife," 6d.; "G. F. P.," 2s. 6d.; Nemo (Ireland), 1s.; With Luck for the Future, 3s.; "Amator," 11d.; "Melton Mowbray," 2s.; "Mighty Atom," 7d.; F. D., 3/9th 6d.; G. C. (Stoke Newington), 2s.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; Competitor, 2s. 6d.

(Continued from page 31.)

I.'pool; A. E. Rickinson, 56, South Frederick St., South Shields; W. Roberts, 9, Thornhill Rd., Surbiton; E. Robinson, Boukyi Lodge, Duns., N.B.; A. Rogers, 11, Park St., Bradford; E. B. Sharp, 30, West Avenue, Chelmsford; E. Shaw, 11, Grosvenor Pl., Camp Rd., Leeds; D. Shea, Coastguard Station, Banff, N.B.; J. W. Siggens, Norwood Hill, Southwell, Notts.; H. J. Smith, 34, Waterloo Road, Smethwick, Staffs.; Mrs. J. Smith, 166, Chatsworth St., L'pool; Mrs. E. Spear, 8, Gleneagle Rd., Mannamead, Plymouth; A. Sykes, 5, Auboro St., Scarborough; D. Thomas, 132, St. Helens Rd., Swansea; S. V. Thomas, 4, Marl Av., Llandudno Junction, N. Wales; Miss V. R. Tucker, High St., Curry Rivel, Taunton; H. Turner, 41, Lumsden Av., Shirley, Southampton; H. Udall, 5, Kenilworth Rd., Southsea; H. K. Walker, 10, Seventh Av., Knotty Ash, L'pool; Mrs. E. Wardell, 84, Jefferson Rd., Sheerness, Kent; G. H. Warner, 2, Parkshot, Richmond, Surrey; Mrs. E. Waters, 14, Alvestone Rd., Coventry; J. H. Wells, Gladstone Houses, Red Hill, Belgrave, Leicester; Mrs. E. Whiteway, 29, Bennett Rd., Kemp Town, Brighton; C. Wilkins, 10a, Wykeham Terr., Upper North St., Brighton; H. Williams, Penlan, St. Clears, Carmarthen; W. H. Wilson, 1, Durban Rd., Llecard, Wallasey, Cheshire; Mrs. Winder, 28, Shaw Heath, Stockport; C. G. Withers, Vobster, Coleford, Nr. Bath; J. J. Wright, "Uley," Hatton St., Wellingborough.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENT'S PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in this competition (No. 524) have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

List of 250 Five-shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 524 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 523 can now be seen in the window of Mr. SHIPLEY, Middle Street, Driffield.

Putting "Pep" into Shakespeare!

"I'M going to recast Shakespeare," says Anthony Richardson in the "Passing Show." And he proceeds to do so with marvellous results in a brilliant burlesque entitled "Speaking Medically." Twenty-three other famous humorists appear in this week's "Passing Show." Don't miss it——2d. everywhere.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 524.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. GEORGE BUTCHER, King Street, Whittlesford, March, Cambridgeshire.

Example: ON TRUST
Bullet: FOOD PURITY SHOULDN'T BE.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. JAMES A. BUCHANAN, 32, Tweed Street, Hebburn, Co. Durham.

Example:—SHORTLY
Bullet:—LADIES' UMBRELLAS FITTING HAND-BAGS.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. GEORGE A. WARD, 4, Yeoman Tce, Well Hall, S.E.

Example:—BOOK CONSOLATION
Bullet:—EFFICIENT EMIGRATING—DEFICIENT PROPAGATING.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. GEORGE WESTROP, 65, The Grove, Hammersmith, W.

Example:—IN THE CITY
Bullet:—RODEO HERO SEEKS SUBWAY.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. JOHN R. WILSON, 2, Burn Terrace, Sunderland.

Example:—AFTER THE RACE
Bullet:—POLICEMAN "LEADING IN" BOOKMAKER.

10 Prizes of £5 each

L. E. ANDERSON, c/o H. King, 15a, Churton Street, Victoria, S.W.:
BETWEEN THE SHOWERS—"M-MOTHER-SAID-YOU'D CH-CHANGE."

H. BILHAM, 2, Norton Villas, Londesmead Road, Tottenham, N.:
PERFECT SIGHT—SO OPTICIAN SOLD BAROMETER.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon).

A. BROWN, 10, Silverthorne Road, Clapham, S.W.:
NOISY LOT—SELDOM TRAIN THE WINNER.

W. J. CAIN, 41, Ledbury Road, London, W.:
WHY HE'S A BACHELOR—JOCK LOST WEDDING-RING

Mrs. N. GRAY, Main Street, Yoxall, Burton-on-Trent:
MAN OF HIS WORD—QUACK—VICTIM'S "PAINLESS" NOW.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

G. M. HANSON, 34, Marius Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.:
PERFECT SIGHT—ALL BLIND SHOULD LACK.

J. OFFICER, 32, Naylors Row, Drypool, Hull:
FISH OUT OF WATER—MAN SLAVEY, WOMAN FOOTBALLER.

L. J. PEARCE, 4, George Street, Chesterton, Stoke-on-Trent:
CAUGHT—RAINBAY, LIKE MOTHER HUBBARD.

R. E. SMITH, 38, Somerset Road, Edmonton, N.
WHY HE'S A BACHELOR—"BECAUSE—" (WIFE INTERRUPTED HERE).

J. R. WOLFE, 81, King Edward Street, London, S.E.:
MAN OF HIS WORD—MODERN WOMAN IS BECOMING.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each

D. FAULKNER, "Sandymount," Barr Common, Walsall:
POOR CONSOLATION—LONGEVITY BY AVOIDING "LIFE."

G. J. FOSTER, "Beanwood," Grange Avenue, Southport:
AFTER THE RACE—SCOT RELEASED ROSIER'S HAND.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

R. T. HARVEY, "Somerwood," Sinclair Drive, Mossley Hill, Liverpool:
BETWEEN THE SHOWERS—UMPIRES ARE "TURF ADVISERS."

D. J. HOWELL, 56, Pentregethin Road, Cwmbwrla, Swansea:
WHAT A TIME—FOR SICK-BAY, BISCAY.

C. L. HUNT, 29, Constitution Hill, Clifton, Bristol:
NEVER LEARNT—TO FEED HERSELF, BRITANNIA.

V. JURY, Broad Street, Icklesham, Rye, Sussex:
BETWEEN THE SHOWERS—TENANT BUSY DRYING CARPETS.

Miss M. MACCARTHY, 10, St. Leonards Street, Stamford:
CAUGHT—ON REBOUND, JILTED'S HEART.

P. MCLEAN, Lochingelly, Gartmore, Stirling.
WHY HE'S A BACHELOR—PROMISED "MARRIAGE IN SUMMER."

T. RUSE, 13, Frank Street, Fulwell, Sunderland:
SHORTLY—POSSIBLY AN EX-PREMIER PARTY.

Miss G. E. SELWAY, "The Retreat," Porton, Salisbury:
OPEN PURSE—CLOSED, AFTER PHILANTHROPIST MARRIES.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

F. ADEY, 168, Inchmery Rd., Catford, S.E.; Miss M. ANDERSON, Penton House, Row Mill, Carlisle; E. F. ASHBURN, 105a, Ashburnham Rd., Clive Vale, Cos. Hastings; Mrs. D. BAYLAY, 58, Mill St., Bilston, Staffs.; Miss BOGERS, 29, Cromwell Grove, Lavenham, Suffolk; Miss G. BELL, 237, Linthorpe Rd., Middlesbrough; W. R. BISHOP, 118, Millwood Rd., Hounslow; W. E. BOURCHIER, 40, St. Margaret's Rd., Bromley; G. C. BOYCE, 48, New Park St., Devizes; W. A. BRIDGE, 56, Bedford Rd., Harrow; Mrs. A. BRIGGS, 45, Green St., Stretford; G. W. BRISTOW, Hempnall, Norwich; W. F. BRODIE, Kilmarnock Rd., Newton Mearns, Nr. Glasgow; G. BROOK, 18, St. Paul's Rd., Wilmington, Nr. Dartford; J. BROOKS, 72, Northcote Rd., Clapham Junction, S.W.; W. CARTER, 15, Ellis St., Brinsworth, Rotherham; G. CLARK, Ledbrook, Nr. Rugby; H. CLOUT, 88, St. Thomas's Rd., Hastings; J. COLEMAN, 29, Chesson St., Islington; N. CONNOLLY, 15, St. George St., Wigan; J. COOPER, 61, Woodbine Rd., Blackburn; R. CRAIG, 45, Palmerston Rd., Dublin; A. H. CROOK, 14, Wellington Sq., Oxford; H. W. DEANE, 208, Chester Rd., Watford; A. DIXON, Traffic Exchange Staff, Poole, Dorset; A. P. DREW, 38, Wellington St., East, Higher Broughton, Manc.; A. C. ELLIOTT, 5, Ralph Rd., Horfield, Bristol; C. ELLIS, Trevelyan Terr., Hawes; Mrs. G. FIELDEN,

(Continued in next column)

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 526.

THIS SUMMER
IN GREAT DEMAND
NEVER STRIKES
WHAT THE LANDLORD SAID
LED ASTRAY
WICKED SHAME
IF SHE REFUSES
MUCH AS USUAL
BEFORE MEALS
ON THE RIVER
ENTERTAINING COMPANY
GOOD ENOUGH
PULLING THROUGH SOMEHOW
IN FULL BLOOM
LAME DOG
THANKS TO WIFE
STRANDED
IN ANOTHER LIGHT
NO PROOF
FACE TO FACE
FOR OUR SINS
FLOODED
BEST PART
TRUE TO NATURE
LONG ENGAGEMENT
UNCOMMON
TOO MUCH TROUBLE
TURNING AWAY
WHY WE WORK
MY LUGGAGE
MOST ESSENTIAL
WHAT IS LIFE?

(Continued from previous column).

25, Frithville Gdns., Shepherd's Bush, W.; A. Foulds, 31, Long Causeway, Peterborough; R. Galloway, 16, Kelvinhaugh St., Glasgow; E. Goldsmith, 21, Gladwell Rd., Bromley, Kent; F. Greenwood, 23, Woodrow Forest, Malkhams, Wilts.; A. Hall, 198, Chorley New Rd., Horwich, Bolton; G. Hardman, 92, Nel Pan Lane, Westleigh, Leigh, Lancs.; E. T. Harvey, "Somerwood," Sinclair Drive, Mossley Hill, L'pool; H. R. Hawkins, 30, Newzealand Rd., Cathays, Cardiff; Miss L. Hawksford, 4, Victoria Pl., Fair View, Cheltenham; M. Hellwell, Sonfield, Howgate Rd., Bembridge, I.O.W.; J. Hindle, 235, Bark St., Bolton; Mrs. E. Holden, c/o J. Mitchell, 148, Hornsey Rd., Holloway; F. Holmes, 21, Prince St. (Brow) Haworth, Nr. Keighley, Yorks; S. E. Hudson, 24, Second Av., Botany Estate, Sheerness; H. H. Hyde, 71, Morris Rd., The Polygon, Southampton; R. G. Kilts, 72, Princes Sq., Bayswater, W.; G. King, 6, Dover Cres., Folkestone St., Hull; Mrs. E. Knapp, 73, Alexandra Rd., Ford, Devonport; E. L. Lane, 6, Victoria Rd., Brimscombe, Nr. Stroud, Glos; F. J. Leal, 2, Windsor Cotts., Haven St., Ryde, I.O.W.; E. Lees, 15, Putteney Gdns., Bath; J. R. Lewis, 46, King St., Darlaston, Staffs.; J. Liddle, 84, Sea Rd., Fulwell, Sunderland; O. Llewellyn, Dretech, Henllan, S. Wales; C. Lofts (Outfitter), Station Rd., Wombwell, Yorks.; J. W. Marsh, Cannington, Bridgwater, Som.; R. Martin, 49, William's St., Millfield, Sunderland; Mrs. E. E. Mitchell, 50, Gainsborough Rd., Blackpool; E. G. Montgomery, "Shenstone," Dowhills Rd., Blundellsands, Lancs.; E. J. Morgan, 51, Richard St., Cilfynydd, Glam.; M. Moss, 211 or 217, North Rd., Longsight, M/c.; J. S. Muir, 49, Horatio St., Sunderland; Miss A. McIntyre, Hindhill, Dunecht, Aberdeenshire; E. W. McMillan, 14, Catlin St., St. James Road, London, S.E.; A. L. Napier, "Rosslyn," Scotts' Green, Dudley, Worcs.; F. W. Orton, 4, Snape Hill, Dronfield, Sheffield; Miss L. Perrett, 2, Bishop St., Bedminster; S. A. Porter, 208, Bolcrn Rd., Forest Gate, E.; H. Price, 15, New Park Terr., Treforest, Glam.; E. A. Purpell, 1b, Dagmar Rd., Victoria Park, Dorchester; L. Rank, 24, Constellation St., Adamsdown, Cardiff; T. Rastall, 11, Exeter Rd., Bootle.

(Continued on page 30.)

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the Examples printed: then give any **Two, Three, or Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—SEEMS ALL WRONG *Bullet*:—PURSE DECIDING SCHOOL AGE.
Example:—OUR DRINK *Bullet*:—IS "DEAR"—AMERICA'S "DEPARTED."
Example:—A BIG CROWD *Bullet*:—SEEING BRIDEGROOM DOESN'T ESCAPE.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 526. "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.1

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 26.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(526) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 26.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(526) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 26.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
526) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

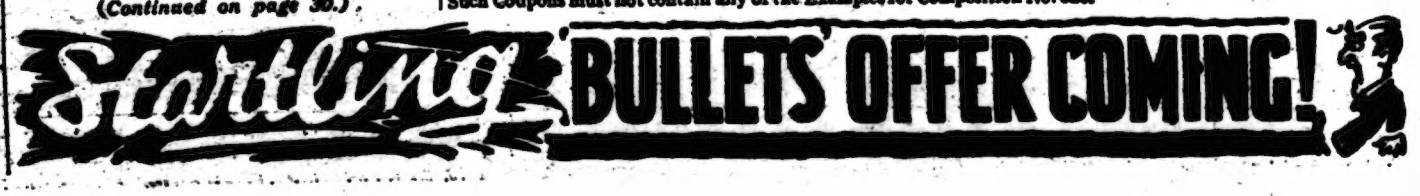
Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 26.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(526) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 527.

END OF THE ARGUMENT—DO OR DIE—FAIRY TALES—WAKING US UP—OUT TOGETHER—WHAT HE MEANT—FIRST SLIP—SUGGEST—WILLING HORSE—ONE AT A TIME—MISPLACED TRUST—A QUIET LIFE—FATHER'S FAVOURITE—WHAT SHE DOESN'T KNOW—GUIDING STAR—GOOD OMEN—CRYING FOR THE MOON—IF SUMMER COMES—BEYOND ME—NEEDING A HOLIDAY.

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, JULY 3.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **527** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 527, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 526.



DIPHTHERIA
WHOOPING COUGH
TONSILITIS
SORE THROAT

AT very first complaint of pain in throat mix one tablespoonful of 'Yadil' with three of honey (bought from your chemist to ensure purity). Add the juice of one lemon. Mix well. Give one teaspoonful of this mixture every ten minutes for two hours, then every half hour for the rest of the day. Next day once every hour. All symptoms will disappear in less than a day. The trouble, whether whooping-cough, diphtheria, tonsilitis, or merely sore throat, will have been nipped in the bud.

CUTS, WOUNDS,
BURNS, SCALDS,
SORES, ETC.

BATHE cuts, wounds, sores with three teaspoonsful of 'Yadil' Antiseptic in half a pint of hot water, then bandage with clean linen smeared thickly with 'Yadil' Ointment. One such dressing will rapidly heal ordinary wounds, etc., and prevent them becoming septic. To burns and scalds apply pure 'Yadil' immediately, then smear thickly with 'Yadil' Ointment. Pain ceases at once, no blisters will form, and all trace of the accident disappears in a few hours.

'YADIL' ANTISEPTIC

Prepared by Clement & Johnson, Ltd., Research Medical Chemists, 19, Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C.1.

Liquid	2 oz. 2/9	6 oz. 4/9	Pint 12/-	Quart 22/6
Pills	50 2/9	150 4/9	500 12/-	1,000 22/6
Ointment	1 oz. 1/9	4 oz. 5/-	Pastilles (for the Voice), per tin 1/-	
Lubricant (for the Skin)				2 oz. 1/6
Dental Cream				per tube 1/6

Of all Chemists and other Stores, or sent direct, post free, on receipt of remittance. For abroad, add 3s. for extra postage and packing. Excess money will be refunded.

The word 'Yadil' is registered. W.B.P.

Pronounce it YAH—DIL

Soothes & Heals the Skin

No matter how persistent your Skin Trouble, Germolene will surely soothe and heal.

Mr. Wm. Sidders' Statement.

Mr. Wm. Sidders, of 24, Military Road, Chatham, Kent, writes as follows: "With great pleasure I tell you of the benefit I have received from the use of Germolene. For twenty years I have suffered from eczema. It commenced in my right arm, then spread to my left, and subsequently attacked my left leg from the knee to the ankle. I used every ointment I could think of. In some cases they would heal it up, and the skin would grow over, but very quickly the weeping would commence again, and the complaint would be as bad as ever. I remember at least eleven occasions on which this occurred. Eventually, however, I heard of Germolene, and now I am glad to say the disorder has gone. I nearly tore my leg to pieces whilst I had the complaint, and the relief has been more than I am able to describe."

HOME PRICES: 1/3 and 3/-.
Of all Chemists throughout the Empire.

Use Germolene for
Eczema, Rashes, Ulcers, Piles, Itching, Cuts and Burns, Skin Eruptions, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, and all Itching or Ulcerated Surfaces.

AWARDED GOLD MEDALS AT FOUR LEADING INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

Germolene
The Aseptic Skin Dressing

THIS MASSIVE CAPPED LEVER WATCH is YOURS for 6D.

THE WONDER WATCH, 10-JEWELLED COMPENSATED NON-MAGNETIC LEVER.

Every "John Bull" reader should secure one of these handsome watches. Heavy Silver-finished case with double engine-turned back and cap over movement, 10-jewelled non-magnetic compensated Lever movement (not affected by heat, cold, electricity, or self-magnetism). Dead accurate, timekeeper. Bevelled crystal glass. Bold figures. Pen steel hands. Enamelled dial. Exactly as illustrated. Fully warranted 10 years.

FREE Handsome Pocket to Pocket Albert with Seal Attachment FREE with every watch.

So sure are we that You Will be More Than Satisfied that we send this handsome Watch post paid upon receipt of 6d. only. After receipt you send 2s. 6d. more and the balance may then be paid by monthly instalments of 3s. each until 22s. is paid. Price cash with order or balance within 7 days 22s. 6d. only. Cash willingly returned if not absolutely satisfied and watch is returned within 7 days.

SIMPSONS (Brighton) Ltd.,
DEPT. 443,
94, QUEENS ROAD,
BRIGHTON, SUSSEX.

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